

# THE CRITIC, And Journal of Literature.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 15, 1845.

THE CRITIC belongs to the new generation; it will endeavour to become the exponent of the spirit and the philosophy of the momentous present, and to rally round it the young heart and hopes of the country.—Address, Nov. 1st, 1844.

## THE PRINCIPLES AND POLICY OF YOUNG ENGLAND.

WE trust that we have made sufficiently intelligible what are the *principles* of YOUNG ENGLAND; and that we have proved that they are not vague impressions, received without deliberation and maintained without reason, but solemn convictions, the result of observation and reflection, and which we are prepared to support by sober argument. Further, we have found it necessary more than once to repudiate many wild doctrines which have been palmed upon the public as those of YOUNG ENGLAND, and some that have been inconsiderately put forth by persons who certainly belong to our party, but for whose follies their party is not responsible. We must again entreat our readers to receive, as the principles and policy of YOUNG ENGLAND, such only as are deliberately propounded by its public organs, and we believe we are not arrogating too much importance if we say that THE CRITIC, as the first established of its periodicals, and from its office as a literary journal necessarily treating it in a loftier and more extended point of view than can a newspaper, which has to deal with the petty topics of party warfare, is entitled to be received as the best authority upon the subject of the principles and policy of YOUNG ENGLAND.

But we find it necessary still to impress upon the public that they must not associate the *party* of YOUNG ENGLAND with the particular views of the half-dozen members of Parliament to whom that title has been given. They are but a fraction of that great and growing party whose members are scattered over the whole face of the country. The little band in the Parliament belongs to us, and not we to them. THE CRITIC is not the representative of the precise views of any member of that able and gallant company, nor of some of the doctrines that appear to be held by all of them. THE CRITIC utters the voice of the YOUNG ENGLAND of the whole nation, and seeks not merely to echo, but to *form* opinion, to *develop* principles and a policy, and to *make* and *lead* a party upon definite principles to a definite end.

It is for this reason that hitherto we have laboured, and for some time to come must continue to labour, at the definition and development of the *principles* of YOUNG ENGLAND. We cannot expect the intelligent to enlist under our banner unless we can convince their reason that there has been error in the past, and that there is a probability at least that our views may open a happier prospect for the future. Vast is the difficulty of unsettling prejudices long cherished, and of leading the mind of a nation into new paths of thought; but, though gigantic, the enterprise is not hopeless. There is an inherent vitality in truth, which enables it to survive, though it fall neglected upon a barren rock, or be trampled under foot amid the scorn of crowded ways. Never is it scattered abroad in vain. It will slowly, but surely, strike its roots into the most ungenial soil; it fixes itself in the heart that was the most hardened against its coming; it grows secretly, silently; puts forth its leaves one by one; and even when its enemies

are triumphing, as they believe, in its destruction, it bursts into flower, brings forth its fruit, and the world reaps the riches of its harvest.

So will it be with the truth which is the germ of the principles of YOUNG ENGLAND. We are content that it should bide its time, and willing to labour zealously and without weariness to scatter it abroad and tend its slow but certain progress.

## MISS MARTINEAU *versus* THE ATHENÆUM; THE ATHENÆUM *versus* MISS MARTINEAU.

AFTER reaping a rich harvest from the introduction of Miss MARTINEAU, the *Athenæum* very coolly turns round upon her and hisses her off the stage, with a sufficiently obvious insinuation that her patient, J. was an impostor, and herself more credulous than wise. Having made a good market of her for himself, our contemporary does his best to discredit her for any other uses.

This, however, is a matter between Miss MARTINEAU and the *Athenæum*. The lady is perfectly competent to protect herself. Her veracity and judgment are at stake, and, doubtless, she will do well and promptly whatever may be necessary to vindicate them, and our columns shall be at her service for such a purpose. But our present concern is to vindicate, not Miss MARTINEAU, but Mesmerism, from the attack of the *Athenæum*, and we proceed, without further comment, to answer, temperately, and by argument alone, the article of our contemporary.

The facts narrated by Miss MARTINEAU, and to which the *Athenæum* properly limits its review, are comprised in the two cases of herself and the girl whom she designates by the letter J.

To her own case we confess we are not inclined to attach any great importance. It is probable, but it is not and cannot be *proved*, that her cure was the result of mesmeric treatment. It *may* have proceeded from natural causes, or even from the cessation of medical treatment. We, who are convinced of the reality of the mesmeric influence, have neither doubt nor difficulty in ascribing the cure to that cause; but our conviction is not sufficient to satisfy a sceptic or even a seeker after truth. He has a right to ask for proofs, instead of probabilities; and these Miss MARTINEAU's case certainly does not afford.

Nor, as a case of Mesmerism, has it much interest in itself. The influence, whatever it is, had but slight sway over her—not sufficient, indeed, to satisfy an observer that she was subjected to it at all.

To believers, however, it was interesting as a description, by an observant and thoughtful patient, of her experiences of the effects of Mesmerism. But in this, and indeed in every other particular, the cases we have recorded in THE CRITIC, as having occurred in our own family circle, are infinitely more interesting and more curious than that of Miss MARTINEAU.

As she candidly observed in one of her letters, the interest of her own case was entirely absorbed in that of her patient, J.; and it is to this case that the *Athenæum* directs its main attack.

To persons unaccustomed to witness the phenomena of Mesmerism this case was doubtless a startling one; and it seems to have made a very great impression upon Miss MARTINEAU. They who have had any experience in Mesmerism will readily parallel it with many that have fallen under their own observation. Every phenomenon exhibited by J., with the exception of the *clairvoyance* displayed in the narrative of the shipwreck, was shown by the patients whose cases we have introduced to our readers, and upon the strict veracity of which we stake the character of THE CRITIC.

On a subject of which as yet so little is known, we are loath to express even an opinion, or to question any fact asserted because it *appears* to be contrary to that which we are accustomed to deem the order of Nature. But we may be allowed to state the result of our own experience, and that certainly does *not* satisfy us of the existence of a *clairvoyance* extending to the perception of things occurring at a distance. We have never yet found a case of *clairvoyance* in which the patient could give information of any thing that was not known to the Mesmerizer, or some person *en rapport* with

him, and as yet we very much doubt whether the power extends beyond that strange sympathy, the existence of which is established beyond all doubt.

Our explanation of J.'s case would be this. In the mesmeric state the patients' perceptions are exalted beyond any thing of which, in our ordinary condition, we can form the slightest conception. They can hear sounds of coming footsteps long before they are audible to us, and perceive motions and feel influences which pass about us without becoming sensible to the brain in its usual state. At the time J. was relating the circumstances in her sleep above stairs, her aunt was narrating it in a room below. We have not the slightest doubt that J.'s quickened senses heard the tale as it was told in the other room, and that she forthwith repeated it. That the waves of sound extended so far, although they could produce no effect upon our organs in their ordinary state, will not be denied, nor is it without the bounds of reasonable probability that there should be such an extraordinary state of the senses, such an exaltation of their powers, as should enable them to perceive the waves of sound usually imperceptible. Nay, is it not of daily occurrence in fevers and nervous disorders? Will not the Indian hunter, from practice, recognize the tramp of footsteps so distant that the European listens for them in vain?

We turn now to the arguments of the *Athenæum*. Admitting the very great importance to society, that it should be ascertained whether Mesmerism be true or not, our contemporary asks what is included under the title of Mesmerism? for its supporters are not agreed either as to the phenomena or the theory of their science. It is true that experiment has not determined all the facts, and few have yet ventured to broach any theory at all. But that is no evidence against it. So it is with all the branches of physiology. In which of them are physiologists agreed, either about the phenomena or in the theory? Is there, to this day, unity of assertion or of opinion upon the science of mind? Yet who but the Editor of the *Athenæum* would dream of denying the existence of the science on this account: or why should more precision be required to secure for Mesmerism a fair investigation, than for the phenomena of life, of generation, of the nerves, of the mind, about which we are quite as ignorant and unsettled as we are on the subject of Mesmerism? In all, we see only certain phenomena; upon these even observers differ, the theories about them are conflicting, and in fact we know only that we see them, and we are entirely unable to trace their causes, or the *modus operandi* of nature.

This objection to Mesmerism, therefore, falls to the ground.

Having disposed of Miss MARTINEAU's personal experiences, in which, we freely admit, there is nothing to satisfy a sceptic, the Reviewer attacks the case of J.; and here mark his unfairness. He says,

We lay aside all the minor phenomena, many of which are really too trifling to be seriously considered, and come at once to the case of *clairvoyance*.

The *Athenæum* in this plays the part of a clever advocate, but not that of an earnest seeker after truth. Omitting all the strong, he snatches at the weak, points of the case on the other side; and, having answered one, hopes it will be assumed that he has answered all. We have already stated our explanation of the fact, which doubtless Miss MARTINEAU has described with strict accuracy, and that explanation is consistent both with the known laws of nature and the honesty of the patient.

But even if the *clairvoyance* be disposed of, either by the conjecture we have hazarded, or, after the fashion of the *Athenæum*, by charging the parties with a gross imposture, the case is not thus altogether overthrown. There yet remain to be accounted for, to be explained, or to be contradicted, the other phenomena described by Miss MARTINEAU. It is very convenient for the *Athenæum* to dismiss these with the remark that they are "really too trifling to be seriously considered." Such a mode of treating them relieves the editor from a difficulty, but it does not get rid of the fact. What! is the phenomenon of the sleep itself, thus artificially produced, *trifling*? Is the community of taste *trifling*? Is the reading of the mind of the Mesmerizer *trifling*? Is it *trifling* for an uneducated girl to make such answers as Miss MARTINEAU has reported from the lips of her patient? Is the catalepsy *trifling*? Are the phrenological phenomena *trifling*? The reviewer must

have a strange notion of things if he deems these *trifling*. Any one of them, if true, should be sufficient to engage the studies of philosophers throughout the world; and yet all these the *Athenæum* dismisses in a sentence as "too trifling to be seriously considered."

After skipping these difficulties, it was easy enough for the reviewer to set aside all the reasonings of Miss MARTINEAU by the assertion that "the mesmeric phenomena" are not proved. That is the very question at issue. We assert that they are proved, the *Athenæum* asserts that they are not. What, in such case of contradictory assertion as to the existence or non-existence of a fact in nature, would be the obvious duty, nay, would be the anxious desire, of any person honestly seeking that the truth should be ascertained? Would it not be to institute a calm and careful investigation into the circumstances alleged, not by abstract reasoning upon their probability or improbability, but by actual experiment?

This rational course, however, the *Athenæum* not only declines, but it actually justifies a refusal to inquire. This it does by reference to the many popular delusions of past ages, testified by clouds of respectable witnesses at the time, though now exploded.

But from these facts we should deduce just the opposite conclusion. If so many persons have been deceived before, it seems to us but the more necessary that any novelty asserted by the testimony of many should undergo the most rigid scrutiny by the observant and reflecting. If the popular delusions of past ages—instead of being treated as the *Athenæum* would treat Mesmerism, with neglect by those most competent to investigate its claims—had been boldly taken in hand, and submitted to the crucible of actual experiment, they would never have wrought the mischiefs that resulted from their uncontradicted diffusion. If Mesmerism be a delusion, as the *Athenæum* asserts, it ought to be exposed and dissipated by the investigations of those most competent to subject it to the test of experiment. If, on the other hand, Mesmerism be true, the *Athenæum* itself will admit that to neglect it would be disgraceful to science and to our age. If the argument of the *Athenæum* be good for any thing, it would extend to the staying of the progress of all knowledge. We cannot understand what evidence would justify the investigation of any new discovery, if such as that in favour of Mesmerism be not held sufficient. If the same rule had been applied to any of the discoveries which are now held in veneration, what would have become of them? in what backward stage would science now have been? If, for instance, some *Athenæum* of those days had met HARVEY's assertion that the blood circulated, or NEWTON's assertion of the law of gravitation, or GALILEO's assertion that the earth moved round the sun, with the same argument our *Athenæum* has applied to Mesmerism; conducting the colloquy after this fashion,— "It is false." "I, and hundreds who have examined it, say that it is true. I ask you to come and investigate it." "Oh, no; the world has been deluded before by things to which hundreds of persons have borne testimony."—We say, if such an argument had been admitted, these great discoveries must have perished with their authors.

The fallacy of the *Athenæum* lies in this: it confuses the claims of theories and facts. A theory is a conjecture which very frequently is incapable of proof, and therefore may be suffered to pass unexamined; but a fact is capable of certain proof or disproof. If it rest on the assertion of but a single individual, it is never quite unworthy of notice; if it be sustained by the evidence of many, it has a claim upon the attention and investigation of the philosopher.

Nor is the novelty or inexplicable aspect of any asserted fact in science a sufficient reason for disregarding it, more especially in animal physiology, of which our knowledge is as yet so limited that it is difficult to say how much we do know. It presents to our contemplation a great deal that is as inexplicable, and which, were it not daily passing before our eyes, we should deem as mysterious, as Mesmerism; yet we do not therefore deny the facts we cannot account for, nor refuse to investigate them because no satisfactory theory of them has been propounded.

The *Athenæum* justly remarks of the man of science, that "he is a calm observer—who collects phenomena which have been soberly noted by himself or other competent persons,

adding cautiously one to another, until he is enabled to deduce from the whole certain general laws. Such is the progress of science; its path is clear, open, and straightforward." We only ask our contemporary, and those who adopt his views, to apply to Mesmerism the principle he has so well set forth. We call upon him and them *not* to believe without experiment; *not* to let faith precede inquiry, but to set themselves calmly to investigate and note phenomena, and when this has been done fairly and fully, and *not before*, to pronounce an honest opinion whether those phenomena be realities or impostures. They judge us most unjustly who suppose that we desire any person to accept Mesmerism as an existing fact in nature upon any other testimony than that of their own senses, guided by their own good sense and reason. We ask them not to believe it because we believe it, nor to adopt any assertions of the experience of others, save as a stimulus to personal research. We complain only of those who, like the *Athenæum*, deny without examination, condemn without seeing, and refuse to investigate an alleged fact in nature, to which thousands bear testimony, because it does not assort with some foregone conclusions of their own. We repeat that such a course is unphilosophical, unwise, unworthy, and, instead of shewing self-confidence, is in fact the result of a cowardly fear lest that which they have denounced should possibly prove to be true, and their self-importance be shocked by the rebuke which would thus be given to their dogmatic denials.

That some such lurking consciousness of an untenable position haunts our contemporary is apparent from the following passage, with which he concludes his reply.

Animal magnetism is a complex of many particulars,—first, of physiological statements, some of which, when stripped of their exaggerations, are curious, and may, perhaps, on further investigation, lead to an extension of our knowledge concerning the nervous system,—secondly, of a theory concerning the cause of these phenomena,—and lastly, of certain psychological statements. If the partisans of this boasted science had confined themselves to detailing their experiments concerning the first of these particulars, in a spirit of philosophy, with modesty and doubt, they would not have encountered hostility from any party; and even if their discovery had turned out a mare's nest, as we think it will, they would have lost no credit by the transaction. But coupling, as they have, their imputed facts with a theory, which every tyro in philosophy may perceive to be as yet no more than a rash and hasty generalization from a few imperfect observations,—and moreover, asking public credit for their psychological mysteries, which carry refutation on the very announcement,—we hold that every scientific man who regards his own character should keep aloof from them, and refrain from sanctioning, by direct participation in their proceedings, a transaction so likely to lead to mischievous consequences. If there exist sensible men who have a curiosity or a doubt as to the nature of the whole affair, it would be easy for them to conduct their experiments apart, and keep the results to themselves, until they shall have reduced them within the natural bounds of science, and rendered them intelligible and definite; but as yet, we hold that the magnetists have shewn no tokens of possessing a philosophical spirit, a cool judgment, or a critical knowledge of the nature of truth and its relations, which should remove them from the class of the Cagliostro, the Katerfelto, or the emperors of all the conjurors,—or justify men of real science in affording them the co-operation they call for.

Here, then, we have a distinct admission that Mesmerism has *some* truth in it. The rational inference would be, that it was the duty of philosophers to ascertain, by inquiry, the extent of that truth. But no, says the *Athenæum*, many of its friends claim for it powers to which we can give no credit, and broach theories to which we cannot subscribe, and therefore, "every scientific man should keep aloof," and not trouble himself about that portion of it which is true. And so, according to this sapient counsellor, because some astronomers have questioned NEWTON'S theory, and broached theories somewhat vague and extravagant, it is the duty of philosophers to "keep aloof from" astronomy. Verily a most easy method of burking all the sciences, for there is not one in which "*false facts*" and wild theories do not abound. It has been reserved for the *Athenæum* to make the grand discovery that the admitted truths of a science are not to be sanctioned by scientific men who regard their characters, because some partisans have coupled imputed facts with theories based upon hasty generalizations "from a few imperfect observations." Will the *Athe-*

*næum* inform us what science is without such partisans, such facts, and such theories?

But we have lingered too long over this irrational, unphilosophical, and illogical attack upon Mesmerism. We have been anxious only fully and fairly, and in the calm and reasoning tone that befits discussion, where truth is, or ought to be, the single object of the parties, to shew the invalidity of the objections preferred by our contemporary. In conclusion, we would submit one request to the editor of the *Athenæum*, and to all who still doubt the truth of Mesmerism.

Let them believe nothing they see done by others, nothing of which they read; but let them make their own experiments, and upon the result we are content to stake the issue. Let them, with their own hands, try to mesmerize a dozen persons in their own families, or among their friends, where they possess the most absolute assurance that there is no imposture. If it fail to produce in them the phenomena we have described as exhibited by our friends and relatives, they will be justified in doubting others; but if they find, as they will find in one or more of them, that the result is similar to that which they have read of other cases, we shall claim of them a candid admission that the imposture which they know to be impossible in their own case was not practised by persons as honest as themselves.

And then let them join the Society for the Investigation of Mesmerism, for the purpose of ascertaining, by well-planned experiments, what is the physiology of the strange facts they have witnessed.

## LITERATURE.

### BIOGRAPHY.

*The Life, Progresses, and Rebellion of the Duke of Monmouth.* By GEORGE ROBERTS.  
(Continued from page 254.)

The death of his reputed parents appears greatly to have affected the Duke of MONMOUTH, and probably there was mingled with his sorrow a sense of the very different position he would fill in the court of a monarch of whom he had been the uncompromising foe. In an unworthy spirit he procured a letter to be drawn up to the king, "assuring his Majesty of his perfect obedience and entire fidelity, and most humbly asked pardon for all his past offences." But the letter was not sent.

MONMOUTH had formed an illicit attachment for Lady HARRIET WENTWORTH, who had sacrificed all to her guilty passion for him. With her he talked of going to Sweden, and his early education having been much neglected, he took advantage of his retirement from public life to devote his leisure to study, which he appears to have pursued with considerable success. It would have been well for him had he dedicated the remainder of his life to these peaceful pursuits, and closed his ear against the flatteries of the political agitators. That at one time his discretion had got the better of his vanity appears from the following passage from a letter to SPENCE, the secretary to the exiles, a little before his attempt in the West:—

I give you but hints of what if I had time I would write more at length. But that I may not seem obstinate in my own judgment, nor neglect the advice of my friends, I will meet you at the time and place appointed. But, for God's sake, think in the mean time of the improbabilities that lie naturally in our way, and let us not by struggling with our chains make them straiter and heavier. For my part I'll run the hazard of being thought any thing rather than a rash inconsiderate man. And to tell you my thoughts without disguise, I am now so much in love with a retir'd life that I am never like to be fond of making a bustle in the world again. I have much more to say; but the post cannot stay, and I defer the rest till meeting, being entirely

Yours, &c.

MONMOUTH.

But the restless exiles were resolved not to lose so useful a tool, and at length MONMOUTH permitted himself to be overpersuaded into giving sanction to their designs. He pledged himself, in case of success, not to take the rank of King, but such only as the nation should judge an adequate reward for his services.



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adding cautiously one to another, until he is enabled to deduce from the whole certain general laws. Such is the progress of science; its path is clear, open, and straightforward." We only ask our contemporary, and those who adopt his views, to apply to Mesmerism the principle he has so well set forth. We call upon him and them *not* to believe without experiment; *not* to let faith precede inquiry, but to set themselves calmly to investigate and note phenomena, and when this has been done fairly and fully, and *not before*, to pronounce an honest opinion whether those phenomena be realities or impostures. They judge us most unjustly who suppose that we desire any person to accept Mesmerism as an existing fact in nature upon any other testimony than that of their own senses, guided by their own good sense and reason. We ask them not to believe it because we believe it, nor to adopt any assertions of the experience of others, save as a stimulus to personal research. We complain only of those who, like the *Athenæum*, deny without examination, condemn without seeing, and refuse to investigate an alleged fact in nature, to which thousands bear testimony, because it does not assort with some foregone conclusions of their own. We repeat that such a course is unphilosophical, unwise, unworthy, and, instead of shewing self-confidence, is in fact the result of a cowardly fear lest that which they have denounced should possibly prove to be true, and their self-importance be shocked by the rebuke which would thus be given to their dogmatic denials.

That some such lurking consciousness of an untenable position haunts our contemporary is apparent from the following passage, with which he concludes his reply.

Animal magnetism is a complex of many particulars,—first, of physiological statements, some of which, when stripped of their exaggerations, are curious, and may, perhaps, on further investigation, lead to an extension of our knowledge concerning the nervous system,—secondly, of a theory concerning the cause of these phenomena,—and lastly, of certain psychological statements. If the partisans of this boasted science had confined themselves to detailing their experiments concerning the first of these particulars, in a spirit of philosophy, with modesty and doubt, they would not have encountered hostility from any party; and even if their discovery had turned out a mare's nest, as we think it will, they would have lost no credit by the transaction. But coupling, as they have, their imputed facts with a theory, which every tyro in philosophy may perceive to be as yet no more than a rash and hasty generalization from a few imperfect observations,—and moreover, asking public credit for their psychological mysteries, which carry refutation on the very announcement,—we hold that every scientific man who regards his own character should keep aloof from them, and refrain from sanctioning, by direct participation in their proceedings, a transaction so likely to lead to mischievous consequences. If there exist sensible men who have a curiosity or a doubt as to the nature of the whole affair, it would be easy for them to conduct their experiments apart, and keep the results to themselves, until they shall have reduced them within the natural bounds of science, and rendered them intelligible and definite; but as yet, we hold that the magnetists have shewn no tokens of possessing a philosophical spirit, a cool judgment, or a critical knowledge of the nature of truth and its relations, which should remove them from the class of the Cagliostro's, the Katerfeltos, or the emperors of all the conjurors,—or justify men of real science in affording them the co-operation they call for.

Here, then, we have a distinct admission that Mesmerism has *some* truth in it. The rational inference would be, that it was the duty of philosophers to ascertain, by inquiry, the extent of that truth. But no, says the *Athenæum*, many of its friends claim for it powers to which we can give no credit, and broach theories to which we cannot subscribe, and therefore, "every scientific man should keep aloof," and not trouble himself about that portion of it which is true. And so, according to this sapient counsellor, because some astronomers have questioned NEWTON'S theory, and broached theories somewhat vague and extravagant, it is the duty of philosophers to "keep aloof from" astronomy. Verily a most easy method of burking all the sciences, for there is not one in which "*false facts*" and wild theories do not abound. It has been reserved for the *Athenæum* to make the grand discovery that the admitted truths of a science are not to be sanctioned by scientific men who regard their characters, because some partisans have coupled imputed facts with theories based upon hasty generalizations "from a few imperfect observations." Will the *Athe-*

*næum* inform us what science is without such partisans, such facts, and such theories?

But we have lingered too long over this irrational, unphilosophical, and illogical attack upon Mesmerism. We have been anxious only fully and fairly, and in the calm and reasoning tone that befits discussion, where truth is, or ought to be, the single object of the parties, to shew the invalidity of the objections preferred by our contemporary. In conclusion, we would submit one request to the editor of the *Athenæum*, and to all who still doubt the truth of Mesmerism.

Let them believe nothing they see done by others, nothing of which they read; but let them make their own experiments, and upon the result we are content to stake the issue. Let them, with their own hands, try to mesmerize a dozen persons in their own families, or among their friends, where they possess the most absolute assurance that there is no imposture. If it fail to produce in them the phenomena we have described as exhibited by our friends and relatives, they will be justified in doubting others; but if they find, as they will find in one or more of them, that the result is similar to that which they have read of other cases, we shall claim of them a candid admission that the imposture which they know to be impossible in their own case was not practised by persons as honest as themselves.

And then let them join the Society for the Investigation of Mesmerism, for the purpose of ascertaining, by well-planned experiments, what is the physiology of the strange facts they have witnessed.

## LITERATURE.

### BIOGRAPHY.

*The Life, Progresses, and Rebellion of the Duke of Monmouth.* By GEORGE ROBERTS.  
(Continued from page 254.)

The death of his reputed parents appears greatly to have affected the Duke of MONMOUTH, and probably there was mingled with his sorrow a sense of the very different position he would fill in the court of a monarch of whom he had been the uncompromising foe. In an unworthy spirit he procured a letter to be drawn up to the king, "assuring his Majesty of his perfect obedience and entire fidelity, and most humbly asked pardon for all his past offences." But the letter was not sent.

MONMOUTH had formed an illicit attachment for Lady HARRIET WENTWORTH, who had sacrificed all to her guilty passion for him. With her he talked of going to Sweden, and his early education having been much neglected, he took advantage of his retirement from public life to devote his leisure to study, which he appears to have pursued with considerable success. It would have been well for him had he dedicated the remainder of his life to these peaceful pursuits, and closed his ear against the flatteries of the political agitators. That at one time his discretion had got the better of his vanity appears from the following passage from a letter to SPENCE, the secretary to the exiles, a little before his attempt in the West:—

I give you but hints of what if I had time I would write more at length. But that I may not seem obstinate in my own judgment, nor neglect the advice of my friends, I will meet you at the time and place appointed. But, for God's sake, think in the mean time of the improbabilities that lie naturally in our way, and let us not by struggling with our chains make them straiter and heavier. For my part I'll run the hazard of being thought any thing rather than a rash inconsiderate man. And to tell you my thoughts without disguise, I am now so much in love with a retir'd life that I am never like to be fond of making a bustle in the world again. I have much more to say; but the post cannot stay, and I defer the rest till meeting, being entirely

Yours, &c.

MONMOUTH.

But the restless exiles were resolved not to lose so useful a tool, and at length MONMOUTH permitted himself to be overpersuaded into giving sanction to their designs. He pledged himself, in case of success, not to take the rank of King, but such only as the nation should judge an adequate reward for his services.

This arranged, the Earl of ARGYLE sailed for Scotland, to place himself at the head of a rising there, and MONMOUTH promised to sail in six days after him. He did not follow for six weeks; but even then he did so in entire disregard of all the dictates of prudence, before his friends in England were prepared, before insurrection was ripe.

With 82 followers only he embarked at Sandfort on the 24th of May, 1685, but his voyage was delayed by contrary winds: and here Mr. ROBERTS presents a curious collection of facts which sufficiently account for the reception of the Protestant Duke in the west.

It appears that for some time there had been raging a most cruel persecution of the Nonconformists, in those then "the manufacturing districts" of the country. The high church party had resolved to extirpate dissent, and they met with a sturdy resistance. A few passages will exhibit the nature of this atrocious persecution.

We find a government informer writing to Sir Leoline Jenkins in February 1682, that "the rebellious town of Taunton openly declares that they'll see bloody noses before they'll desert conventicles. Were this wicked town brought down to obedience, all the west of England would be then very regular: for it is the nursery of rebellion in these parts." This once celebrated manufacturing town gave great offence to the Court "by evidencing," as Bishop Spratt styles it, "the old disloyalty of the inhabitants by a most remarkable insolence—having presumed for some years after the Restoration to keep solemnly a day of thanksgiving to God for raising the siege which Charles I. had laid against the Parliament's rebellious forces in that town."

The state of the West is fully described by Sir George Jeffreys, who took that circuit in the spring of the year 1684. He finished at Dorchester 8th March, and reported to the secretary of state that several Dissenters had been presented, and convicted for 20*l.* a month; that the gentry were all unanimous in that county, and were zealously inclined to the King's service. The grand jury presented, in imitation of that at Winchester, —. The awful judge wrote, March 17, from Exeter, that in Cornwall and Devon the gentry for the most part were loyal to the King. A loyal address was sent to the King from Bridgewater about this time. Not one half the loyalists could write their names!!

Mr. John Trenchard was sojourning with his father-in-law, Mr. Speke, at White Lackington House, near Ilminster, when a messenger arrived at midnight to arrest him. No capture was made. The sheriffs of Somerset were directed, 29th May, to assist two messengers sent down to arrest Mr. Trenchard, Mr. Speke, and those persons whom they should find to have been concerned in making a riot, by means of which Mr. Trenchard had escaped. Every evil design against the government was judged to have Trenchard at the bottom of it. His arrest, and the seizure of his papers, might have elucidated some dark plot. The government had no thought of invasion or coming rebellion. Bishop Mews, who managed Somerset, had described Mrs. Speke "as the most dangerous woman in the West," and had recommended that the house should be searched for papers, July 21, 1683.

We shall have occasion again to notice these religious feuds.

The first intimation that MONMOUTH was about to land was obtained from a letter intercepted at the post-house at Ilminster, by Captain WILLIAM SPEKE and the Rev. Mr. CLARKE, the vicar. These gentlemen, it seems, took upon themselves to open any letter they pleased. The captain rode post to the King with the news, having first sent a messenger to the mayor of Taunton, advising him to search the bags there. All but eight letters had been delivered, but one of these threw further light upon the movement. The King, however, was incredulous; and it was long before he was convinced that a rising was really contemplated.

Rumour meanwhile was busy in the West, and men's minds were alive with a vague expectation of something about to happen. The Rev. A. PASCHALL, of Chedzoy, near Bridgewater, was troubled with foreshadowing of evil, and addressed the following characteristic letter to a person about the Court, entreating him to give warning to the King.

Before our troubles came on, we had some such signs as used to be deemed forerunners of such things. In May, 1680, here was that monstrous birth at Ill-Browsers (now Isle-Browsers), a parish in Somerset, which at that time was much taken notice of. Two female children joined in their bodies from the breast downwards. They were born May the 19th, and christened by the names of Aquilla and Priscilla. May the 29th I saw them

well and likely to live. About at the same time, reports went of divers others in the inferior sorts of animals, both the oviparous, and the viviparous kinds. But, perhaps, many of these, and other odd things then talked of, owed, if not their being, yet their dress, to superstition and fancy. In the January following, Monday the 3rd, about seven in the morning, we had an earthquake, which I myself felt here. It came with a whizzing gust of wind from the west end of my house, which it shook. This motion was observed in Bridgwater, Taunton, Wells, and other places, and near some caverns in Mendip Hills, and was said to be accompanied with thundering noises. In the end of the year 1684, December the 21st, were seen from this place, at sun-rising, Parhelli, and this when, in a clear sharp frosty morning, there were no clouds to make the reflection. It was probably from the thickness of the atmosphere. The place of the fight, which was in the following summer, was near a line drawn from the eyes of the spectator to these mock-suns.

MONMOUTH landed at Lyme on the 11th of June. Mr. ROBERTS gives a minute and graphic detail of this event, which we regret to be too long for our space. The corporation contemplated resistance, but when they saw the popular feeling they changed their minds. DASSELL, a custom-house officer, gives an elaborate account of the whole affair, and from that a few of the most interesting particulars may be extracted.

In the field they saw the standard set up, and the Duke standing by, and a writer with him enlisting men. William Cox was the first to enter. The Duke had one Bernard Brown by the hand, and asked him, "Art thou for me?" He answered, "Yes, sir." The Duke said, "Thou art an honest fellow: I'll take care and provide for thee; thou deservest encouragement;" assuring him that he should want for none, and that he had arms enough for him and ever so many more: be they twenty or thirty thousand men, he had arms enough for all. This Bernard Brown, a mason, kept an alehouse: he had joined, as appears in the archives of the Lyme corporation, marching with a musket on his shoulder, and announced to an exciseman, "that Monmouth was come, blessed be God." His wife's case has been, however, most frequently alluded to, which will have to be related.

Lord Grey was pointed out with a musket on his shoulder, and a pair of pistols at his girdle, as all or most of the party had at their landing. The Duke was in purple, with a star on his breast, wearing only a sword.

The Duke called for silence, and then desired, says the narrator, they would join with him in returning God thanks for that wonderful preservation they had met with at sea in escaping the King's fleet. He fell on his knees on the sand—an act of devotion which all the rest imitated, and "was the mouth of all in a short ejaculation."

On arriving at the market-place, the Duke of Monmouth caused his force to halt: while his Declaration or Manifesto was read to the populace, who stood round a blue flag there. The reading of this document was no more formal, perhaps, than was necessary, as few could read or write at that period.

The Declaration, of which so few in the present day have ever seen a copy, or know of the existence of one, was in quarto, on four leaves. The scarcity is not to be wondered at, when we consider the terrible fate that awaited any one found "publishing, dispensing, or entertaining (the Declaration) without discovering it to the nearest justice of the peace."

Burnet is correct that this "manifesto was long and ill-penned; full of much black and dull malice;" but it coincided perfectly with the prejudices and passions of those to whom it was principally addressed. Its lines fell harmoniously upon the ears of the discontented, the persecuted, the excited, whether in religion or politics. Well did they call forth the most ardent expressions of joy and hope which are illustrated in the following extract from the MS. "Church Book" of the Axminster Independent Chapel:—

"Now were the hearts of the people of God gladdened, and their hopes and expectations raised, that this man might be a deliverer for the nation, and the interest of Christ in it, who had been even harassed out with trouble and persecution, and were broken with the weight of oppression under which they had long groaned. Now also they hoped that the day was come in the which the good old cause of God and religion, that had lain as dead and buried for a long time, would revive again."

A corrected copy of the memorable document is given, but it is much too long for our purpose in this biography.

It appears that the expedition was indeed very ill provided with the material of war. What madness to face a regular government and armed troops with raw levies, for whom the entire accoutrements consisted but of 1460 suits of defensive

\* See London Gazette for June 15 to June 18, for the Proclamation, &c.

arms, 100 musquets, 250 barrels of powder, 500 swords, 500 pikes! The colours made in Holland had the motto "*Pro religione et libertate*." And the Duke himself brought but 100*l.* in gold and silver!

On the two days following the landing, great numbers of country people flocked in, and at the close of the day the Duke's forces amounted to about 1,000 foot and 150 horse.

The method of receiving the men was this. The Duke caused their names to be taken, and sent them by a messenger with the list of the names to the town-hall, where the arms were, and persons to give them out, who immediately armed and sent them by other messengers to the officers who guarded the avenues, where they were put in order and exercised.

The news spread rapidly, and everywhere the authorities and the king's friends were on the alert, and those suspected of favouring the Duke were arrested. The militia was raised; the constables in all the towns were turned into temporary soldiers, and made to do garrison duty.

Whiting the Quaker acquaints us with the manner in which these guards performed their office. He was proceeding from Nailsea towards Ilchester, and states—"As I rode into Wighton, there was a watch set at the Cross; and as I came towards them I heard one of them say to the other, 'Go forth and stop him, and ask him whither he is riding?' So he came and stood with a halbert in my way, and bid me stand. 'Well,' said I, 'and what then?' He asked me whither I was riding? I told him southward; which, though directly towards the Duke, without asking me any further questions, he wished me a good journey, and so let me pass; at which I could not but smile to myself, to see how easy they were to let any pass that way, for, indeed, the hearts of the people were towards him, if they durst have shewed it," &c.

The Duke's forces formed themselves into regiments, called the Blue, the Green, and the Yellow Regiments. Adherents continued to arrive, and among them the famous DANIEL DE FOE, then at the age of 24.

A party, under Colonel VENNOR, marched upon Bridport, and here the first skirmish took place. The rebels were defeated, and returned with some loss to the main force at Lyme. VENNOR was wounded, and Colonel WADE conducted the retreat.

This was an evil omen, and calculated to damp the ardour of partizans, and to decide the wavering, and in the meanwhile the Duke of ALBEMARLE, at the head of the Devon, and the Duke of SOMERSET, with the Somerset militia, were marching down upon the rebel army, while Lord CHURCHILL was despatched with a considerable force of regular troops to their assistance.

With how little forethought the whole affair was executed appears from the fact that at Lyme alone no less than 11,000 men applied for arms, and could not be furnished with them.

On Monday, June 15th, the Duke left Lyme, and on mounting the hill above that town, beheld on one side the Somerset, on the other the Devon, militias advancing to close him in. With some generalship he descended into Axminster, which was surrounded with high hedges and narrow lanes, which he lined with his men. The militia, seeing the enemy in this secure position, would not fight; they retreated, and MONMOUTH resolved to march on.

The retreat of the Devonshire and Somerset militias was very disorderly—indeed, to such a degree, that in the Axminster Book of the Independent Chapel, it is said, "The Lord sent a hornet of fear amongst them, so that a dreadful consternation of spirit seized on them, and in some places they fell one upon another, in other places some ran away with amazement. Some were so stricken with terror that they were even bereft of their reason, and like distracted persons; others threw away their weapons of war, and would take them up no more; and many watched opportunities to leave their colours and old officers, and came and joined with this new company.

Still the country people were flocking in, as the rebels advanced to Chard.

To this moment no one man of station or influence had joined the Duke; and here his first respectable partisan appeared in the person of his old friend Mr. SPEKE, of White Lackington House, who sent his son with forty followers, known afterward as "the ragged horse."

Ilminster was next visited; a party was sent to Ilminster to free some friends who were confined in the county gaol

there, and then the Duke marched onward to Taunton, at that time more populous than now, and the seat of a flourishing manufacture of serges; its inhabitants being for the most part Dissenters.

Two years before this the Dissenters of Taunton had their pulpits and pews burnt amidst great rejoicing, and the penalties for non-attendance at the parish church were enforced against them with merciless severity. The King's troops had occupied the town, but a large body of them quitting it to aid the other forces, the populace rose and prepared to receive the Duke with a cordial welcome. The scene of his entry is thus described:—

Thursday, June 18.—On the day after Captain Hucker's arrival the Duke of Monmouth marched from Ilminster to Taunton, and encamped in a field at the west end of the town. Every one who had a horse, or could procure one, went out to meet him. The streets of Taunton at that time were very narrow, and so thronged were they that the Duke's force could scarcely enter.

Fox gives the following glowing account of the scene. Speaking of the place itself—Taunton, he says, "It was a town where, as well for the tenor of former occurrences as from the zeal and number of the Protestant Dissenters, who formed a great portion of its inhabitants, he had every reason to expect a most favourable reception. His expectations were not disappointed. The inhabitants of the upper as well as the lower classes vied with each other in testifying their affection for his person and their zeal for his cause. While the latter rent the air with applause and acclamations, the former opened their houses to him and to his followers, and furnished his army with necessities and supplies of every kind. His way was strewn with flowers; the windows were thronged with spectators, all anxious to participate in what the warm feelings of the moment made them deem a triumph. Husbands pointed out to their wives, mothers to their children, the brave and lovely hero, who was destined to be the deliverer of his country. The beatifullines which Dryden makes Achitophel, in his highest strain of flattery, apply to this unfortunate nobleman, were in this instance literally verified:—

"Thee, Saviour, thee, the nation's vows confess,  
And never satisfied with seeing, bless.  
Swift unspoken pomps thy steps proclaim,  
And stammering babes are taught to lisp thy name."

Oldmixon states, that "one would have thought the people's wits were flown away in the flights of his joy."

On the following day a still more interesting ceremony took place:—

Friday, June 19.—This day must be memorable in the annals of Taunton for a ceremony which is peculiarly interesting. From this day begins the fame of the "Maid of Taunton," who presented to the Duke of Monmouth the colours they had worked with their own hands, though the expense of the material was defrayed by the inhabitants of the town.

Most historians introduce some brief mention of this gala day: the detailed accounts have not been satisfactory. Twenty-seven colours were to be presented by as many virgins. Miss Blake, who conducted a school, was a fervent supporter of the Duke of Monmouth: her scholars were from eight to ten years of age, and had the singular fortune of engrossing particular attention when placed within the sphere of all the fascination of pomp, and eventually after they had been exposed to the signal visitation of the offended law.

The gay procession called for the Duke of Monmouth at the house of Captain Hucker, where his Grace sojourned. As the Duke came out to receive the virgins he saluted each; and Lord Grey did the same. The leader, or, as she has been styled, the "captain of the virgins," Miss Blake, preceded the others with a naked sword in one hand, and a small curious Bible in the other, which she presented, with a short acceptable speech; at which the Duke in a manner transported, assured her "he came now into the field with a design to defend the truths contained in that book, and to seal it with his blood, if there should be occasion for it." His Grace then mounted his horse; and the twenty-seven young ladies followed, each bearing a colour and led by a man.

Miss Blake only headed twelve of her pupils. That lady and a Mrs. Musgrave, schoolmistress, were afterwards exempted from the King's pardon.

At this time MONMOUTH's officers were a motley crew.

Many officers whose names occur in this history had no experience in arms. Some of the most conspicuous were not soldiers by profession. Wade was a lawyer; Dare a goldsmith; Perrot a silk-dyer; Marder a goldsmith; Battiscomb a lawyer; John Hucker a serge-maker, &c. With Fletcher, Monmouth lost the only soldier he had. This is to be taken literally.



But it must be remembered that the regular army at this period amounted only to *five thousand men*, of which a great portion was required to keep the metropolis in order. The enterprise was not, therefore, quite so desperate as it appears at the first glance.

The next step was to proclaim MONMOUTH king. This was not adopted without great hesitation, but it was finally resolved upon for two reasons: *first*, to induce the gentry to join, by the assurance it would give them, that republican views were not entertained; *secondly*, to place his adherents in a better legal position, by making them the supporters of a king *de facto*, if not *de jure*.

Dr. Welwood writes, in his *Memoirs* (p. 148), that "it was importunity alone that prevailed with Monmouth to take this step; and that he was inflexible, till it was told him that the only way to provide against the ruin of those who should come to his assistance, in case he failed, was to declare himself King, that they might be sheltered under the statute of Henry VII., made in favour of those that should obey a king *de facto*."

Accordingly on Saturday, June 20th, the Duke of MONMOUTH was proclaimed, at the Market Cross in Taunton, King of England, by the name of JAMES the SECOND.

Monmouth was saluted after this as King; men kissed his hand, and cried "God bless the King;" and he was called "Sir, and his Majesty." He was prayed for as King, commanded as King, paid the army, and touched children for the King's evil. Those on King James's side called King Monmouth "Gaffer Scott with his vagabonds."

The scabbard thus thrown away, and a purpose distinctly announced, his forces rapidly increased, and on the day of the proclamation they amounted to no less than 7,000. There being a scarcity of arms, a body of scythe-men was formed, to act as grenadiers, the scythes being fixed in straight handles; and very formidable weapons they were.

The next march of the rebels was upon Bridgewater; but previously to quitting Taunton three more proclamations were issued. Scarcely had the rebels marched out before ALBEMARLE marched in.

MONMOUTH found a cordial reception at Bridgewater, and the people from the country continued to flock to his standard. But thousands were obliged to return home again "because they could not procure arms."

From Bridgewater he marched to Glastonbury, the militia retreating before him, and thence to Shepton Mallet, where EDWARD STRODE, Esq. presented him with 100 guineas. It was then resolved to march upon Bristol, of which the King's troops had possession; and on the 24th of June the rebels encamped at Pensford.

In the meanwhile many of the gentry had hastened to the scene of the insurrection, to aid in suppressing it, and among the rest the Bishop of Bath and Wells.

Sir Jonathan Trelawney, Bart. (afterwards Bishop of Bristol, Winchester, and Exeter), was sent down to aid by his presence in quelling the rebellion. Dr. Thomas Ken, Bishop of Bath and Wells, came into his diocese with the same intent. Neither of these dignitaries meddled with arms. The latter was a great blessing to some hundreds of the poor victims of this rebellion. The coming of Dr. Mew, Bishop of Winchester, was in far otherwise. The gentry of Somerset, terrified at the invasion, requested the King to command the services of the bishop, who buckled on at once his armour, which he had worn in the civil wars; and not pleading, as so many would reasonably have done, in the words of the poet, *solve senescentem*, &c. is the only bishop since the Reformation who has taken the field.

Nor was this the only strange spectacle:—

The Duke of Grafton, in this contest, engaged in desperate attacks upon his brother the Duke of Monmouth; the Chancellor of Cambridge, the Duke of Albemarle, fought against the Ex-Chancellor of that university, the Duke of Monmouth; the Bishop of Winchester against the Dissenting minister of the Baptist congregation of Lyme, and the Independent minister of Axminster. Many ministers of different persuasions were with the army.

But just as the attack upon Bristol was about to be made, information reached MONMOUTH which induced him to abandon his intentions and march to Bath. He summoned the city to surrender; the demand was of course refused, and then the rebels turned away, and encamped at Phillips Norton, whither they were followed by FAVERSHAM; and there the first

battle, if it deserve the name, was fought, with little loss on either side, and with no decisive result, each claiming the victory.

On Sunday the Duke arrived at Frome, where his reception greatly disappointed him; and already, it seems, he had lost heart, and was beginning to despair of success, while his followers were deserting in great numbers. It is said that no less than 2,000 men left him in one day.

On Monday affairs looked so desperate that MONMOUTH and the officers who came with him from Holland arranged to fly, and leave their army to the mercy of the enemy. Mr. ROBERTS attempts a justification of this dastardly design, on the plea of necessity, but the mind revolts at such manifest treachery. Circumstances prevented the resolution being adopted, and on the following day the rebels retreated to Shepton Mallet. On Wednesday they marched to Wells.

The London Gazette gives this dreadful account of the conduct of the Duke's followers at Wells:—"They robbed and defaced the cathedral, drinking their villainous healths at the altar, plundered the town, ravished the women, and committed all manner of outrages." James II. wrote to the Prince of Orange, that "the rebels had sufficiently plundered Wells, church and all." Oldmixon alludes to this in favouring words:—"The Duke's soldiers, thinking some of the cathedral men at Wells a little too impertinent, were somewhat free with their appurtenances, which I think was all the damage done by them."

On the following day they set out for Bridgewater; they reached Sedgemoor in the morning, and there encamped. On the following morning a thousand men were missing.

The King's army followed close upon the heels of the insurgents. On Saturday the Earl of FEVERSHAM entered Sedgemoor, from Somerton, with all his forces. The Duke made preparations to march away on the following evening. But a council was held, and it was resolved to fight. This was the disorganized condition of the forces on either side.

Most of the King's other officers were drunk, and utterly void of apprehension of the enemy. Monmouth's men, so soon as it was determined to attack the King's army, were plentifully supplied with the plundered liquors, and many were half-drunk. About a thousand women came into Bridgewater to take leave of their husbands and relatives: they were thought not to have added, however zealous in the cause, to their courage.

At midnight on Sunday the Duke marched down upon the enemy, intending a surprise. Unfortunately for him, the guide led them by mistake to the banks of a stream which they could not ford. This gave the royal army time to prepare for the battle. The beginning of the fight is thus described:—

The King's horse were getting ready when Lord Grey marched on, to execute the orders given to him, towards the upper platoon. He missed this passage over the ditch, and led his men by the outside of the ditch till they were opposite the Scotch regiment. Being challenged by Douglas, some one answered "Albemarle"—at least he understood so, and let 500 pass the ditch without firing upon them. Then coming to the first battalion of the guards, Captain Berkeley, who commanded the right wing of the musketeers of that battalion, asked, *Who they were for?* They answered, *The King*. He called to them, *What King?* They answered, *Monmouth, and God with us*, which was their word.\* He then said, *Take this with you*; and made his wing fire at them. So did the other wing of that battalion, as also the next battalion of the same regiment, and half that of the two regiments of guards. Upon which the Duke's horse ran away, leaving some of their men and horses on the ground.

The battle began between one and two o'clock in the morning, and a minute account of it is given by Mr. ROBERTS, to whose volumes we must refer the reader for the very curious details. The conflict lasted for two hours, and then the Duke, finding his followers beaten, took to flight; nor did his men long keep the field after him:—

Some of the horse and dragoons charged the fugitives, and did execution on them, till they got out of the moor into the inclosures, which they soon did, the moor being but 800 yards† broad in that place from ditch to ditch. The greatest slaughter was in the ditch, which was deep and boggy, and in a corn-field on the

\* Pennant, in his account of London, p. 117, says *soho* was the watchword. The Duke, he says, resided in the centre house of Monmouth Square, facing the statue. The admirers of the unfortunate Duke changed the name to *Soho* Square. Lord Bateman purchased the house, which has long been pulled down. The name is retained in Monmouth Street.

† Mr. Stradling says the breadth is nearly twice this.

other side of it. There 1,200 were taken, and had quarter allowed them. Twenty-two standards fell into the hands of the victors. Three hundred of Monmouth's men lay on the moor, where they fought; 1,000 more were killed in the pursuit. The *London Gazette* raises the Duke's loss to 2,000. The King's forces lost 400.

And here we must again pause, reserving the remainder of this sad history of MONMOUTH and the fearful tragedy that followed for a third and concluding paper; for which, however, as it is really a subject of more than common interest, we prefer no apology.

(To be concluded in our next.)

#### SCIENCE.

*A Lecture on the Late Improvements in Steam Navigation, and the Arts of Naval Warfare, with a brief notice of Ericsson's Caloric Engine.* By JOHN O. SARGENT. Wiley and Putnam, New York and London.

THIS lecture was prepared for the Boston Lyceum, and delivered before that Association in December last. The principal part of it consists of a description of Ericsson's propeller, and shews the advantages of its application over the paddle-wheel in steam-boats. "The principle of the propeller was first suggested to the inventor by the analogies of nature, and a study of the means employed to propel the inhabitants of the air and deep. He satisfied himself that all such propulsion in nature is produced by oblique action; though, in common with all practical men, he at first supposed that it was inseparably attended by a loss of power." Some interesting revelations are given of the difficulties the clever inventor had to contend with, in bringing his invention to perfection, and getting it recognized by the authorities of England and the proprietors of steam-engines as of any utility. America, however, proved more favourable to him than the mother country, and we at length find him at the point he had long sought to attain—the owner of a stately vessel (named the *Princeton*), which is seen gliding gracefully on American water, propelled by his unseen agency. An account follows of a trial between this new barque and the *Great Western* in America. The *Princeton* soon distanced that prince of English packets, "went round her, and passed her a second time, before they had reached their point of separation." A great deal of technical description will also be found in this lecture. Speed, it seems, is not the only advantage gained by this invention. A prominent one is stated to be its ready adaptation to naval warfare; and it is remarked that a "Captain Stockton declared on a recent occasion, that, with twenty steam-frigates on the new plan, he would engage to take possession of the British Channel, and to blockade London itself." Where is Capt. Warner? The Caloric Engine, also invented by Capt. Ericsson, is next described. "The principle forming the basis of this engine is that of returning the heat, at each stroke of the piston, and using it over and over again. This is obviously impracticable, if steam is employed as the acting medium. Ericsson, therefore, uses the permanent gases, and in preference to all others, atmospheric air. The object which he seeks to accomplish is simply this—that the heat, contained in the air which escapes from the working cylinder, should be effectually taken up by the air which enters it at each stroke of the engine." For any further information relative to these novel and startling inventions we must refer our readers to the lecture itself. The lovers of science will find there ample matter for thought, and sufficient of originality to repay a careful perusal.

#### VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

*Vacation Rambles and Thoughts; comprising the Recollections of Three Continental Tours, in the Vacations of 1841, 1842, and 1843.* By T. N. TALFOURD, D.C.L. Sergeant-at-Law. In Two vols. London, 1845. Moxon.

THOUGH wandering over beaten ways, every mile of which has been explored and described by a hundred tourists before him, Mr. Sergeant TALFOURD has contrived to produce a work containing a great deal of novelty, and which will be read with as much pleasure

as if the scenes through which it wafts us were as strange as they are familiar.

And, in truth, the hackneyed exclamations against the traveller who ventures to indite a tour through the beaten highways of Europe is altogether baseless. Paradoxical as it may sound, we do not despair of convincing our candid readers that the more familiar to them is any country, and especially if they have visited it in person, the more interesting to them will be the note-book of another traveller through the same scenes, provided only that he be one who uses his own eyes, and thinks for himself. Nothing is so difficult to convey by words as a description of places. The best limner in language who ever lived would fail to paint upon the mind of the reader any distinct image of a building, or of a town, much less of a country. Even the sketcher's pencil, however truthful, fails to do this, as will be proved by the experience of every person who has visited a spot, of which he has formed an imaginary picture, either from written or painted representations. We ask such an one if in a single instance he has found the reality to correspond with the image in his fancy, or if he would have recognized the place from the previous descriptions of it?

Hence it is that the sketches of a tourist through scenes we have not visited excite in us no ardent interest; and if he have not the skill to throw into his narrative a great deal of personal adventure and portraiture of human character, always attractive, because man, and whatever relates to man, never fails to find a sympathy in every other human heart, the book is felt to be a bore, and dismissed with a yawn.

How different if the scenes described are those we have visited. Then with what eagerness we read! How do we follow the traveller step by step, listening attentively to every word, because every word is intelligible to us, calls up a distinct image in the mind, summons the past again, and renews the delights of our own wanderings! How curiously do we inquire if he noticed the very objects that most attracted us! whether he discovered ought that had escaped our gaze; if each place made upon him the same impressions as upon ourselves; nay, even to the most minute particulars we delight to trace the resemblance: and the very bad dinners, and crazy vehicles, and mishaps, and annoyances, that make so large a part in the pleasure of travelling reminiscences, however vexatious at the moment, call from us the exclamation "Just what happened to us!" "The very inn we found so dirty"—and so forth.

In defiance, therefore, of the cant of critical journalism, we affirm that a tour through a familiar route is more likely to interest the public than one in a remoter region, and by none will Mr. Sergeant TALFOURD's recollections be more heartily welcomed than by the thousands who have travelled through the same ways.

This would be the case even with a tourist of ordinary mould. But the interest grows mightily where the traveller is a man of genius, who looks upon every thing after a fashion of his own; upon whom objects make a profound impression, and from whose mind they are reflected back arrayed in the lustre of the light which they have caught from the holy flame within him. We have now the added pleasure of tracing how that which affected our ungifted mind with strange emotions, wrought upon a mind more quick to feel, more prone to reflect. Thus do we catch a spark of his inspiration, and while gazing at the same objects, by sympathy, the glow of his genius is imparted to ourselves.

The Tours of Mr. Sergeant TALFOURD, albeit the tours of hundreds of English men and women every summer, are, for both of these causes, right welcome to us. They recall scenes which we have beheld, and they shew us how those scenes have affected one in whom the presence of genius will not be contested.



With a trifling exception, we have explored the same paths as those described by the learned Sergeant, and we can bear witness to the accuracy and vividness of his pictures. He has looked upon nature with a poet's eye, and traced her beauties and sublimities with a poet's pen. His readers will, doubtless, find in them a further charm in this, that he has given expression to emotions and thoughts which lay shapeless in their own minds, and which they recognize when they see them embodied in his graceful words. The loftiest genius is always shewn in this power of giving form and expression to feelings that nestle vague and formless in the common heart.

These merits in Mr. Sergeant TALFOURD'S TOURS are, however, not unaccompanied with defects which we are somewhat surprised to find in such society. The narrative has too much the air of a log-book; the chronicle is frequently minute almost to the ridiculous. Not content with telling what he sees and thinks, the learned Sergeant carefully details at what hour he got up, and when he breakfasted, and what he ate for breakfast, and how he travelled, and at what pace, and how he was hungry, and what he ate and drank for dinner, and when he went to bed. We have not the pleasure of the learned Sergeant's acquaintance, and we are well aware that poets and philosophers can appreciate a good dinner at least as well, if not better, than ordinary mortals; but the incessant recurrence of this theme, even to the occupation of no small portion of the whole work, is a weakness which we should not have expected to find in the pages of so practised a writer. These, however, are defects which, though in critical honesty we are bound to notice, we must at the same time declare to detract but in small degree from the much worth and interest of the volumes.

The first tour, in 1841, was in this wise. From London to Paris, thence to Geneva, to Chamouni, Interlachen, Berne, Basle, and down the Rhine. In the following year he revisited the Alps, on this occasion proceeding directly up the Rhine to Mannheim, Schaffhausen, and Zurich, thence across the Splügen into Italy, and back by St. Gothard. The third tour, in 1843, was direct to Chamouni, with the valorous purpose of ascending Mont Blanc, in which, however, the Sergeant completely failed. We have already presented our readers with some passages from the first tour; we now add some gleanings from the second and third tours, preferring, as before, such as contain the reflections of the gifted writer to such as are merely descriptive. The latter we can find in any ordinary tourist; the former only rarely, and therefore to be prized when found.

Who will not echo these comments upon

#### THE DESCENT OF THE RHINE?

Never, surely, was the power of steam—man's magic, derived from his "so potent" (though black) art—employed so gloriously in aiding heaven's magic, as in impelling steam-boats on the Rhine, whether in their upward or downward course. The triumph is the greatest upward—the mastery achieved over the glacier-fed stream; while slowly, as the boat ascends, promontory, rock, crag, castle, church (entire or in ruins), is fully developed to the voyager; but more *delightfully* (after the ascent has been once made, and familiarity acquired with these border grandeurs), when, on the descent, steam adds wings to the current; harmonises with it; and, as current and vapour combine to bear the voyager onward, he catches these fleeting glimpses of hill, ravine, castle, rock, island, and the ever-changing river itself—shifting pictures which will often gleam upon the more solemn stream of his life! If I were asked what condition of humanity is the most delightful and the most suggestive, I think I should answer that enjoyed in a steam-boat on the Middle Rhine—descending, I fear I should say now—for perfect repose, freedom of movement, an absence of sickness, and all that is sickening (except German habits), with the sense of rapid progression, the substance and the shadow of life, meet there in happier combination than elsewhere on this "human earth of ours." The dinner, however, is certainly pleasantest on the upward voyage; because, then, there is time for both senses to have their full enjoyment; whereas one does a little grudge the rapid progress of the vessel through the noblest part of the way, where

every course, to which due attention is paid, deprives the diner of at least half-a-dozen castles.

While on the river, he indulges in these reflections upon

#### THE GENIUS OF CARLYLE.

During our passage up the long wastes of water which succeed to the glories of the last gorge, I occupied the serene time in studying one of the books which I had providently (as I now thought) added to my store—Carlyle's Lectures on "Hero Worship"—which I had read before, but never *perused* till now. My hurried and broken glances at the more abstruse works of this remarkable author, although little qualifying me to judge of the doctrines they teach, were sufficient to inspire me with respect for one who, instead of flattering the vanities of his age, confronts and scorns them; who tears away the pretexts which invest its selfishness with the appearances of philosophy; and who, through the dim mazes of solemn speculation, sends forth startling voices, which compel the unheeding and prosperous to reflect and to mourn. But, beyond this general sense of a nobleness of purpose, and of an impressive power, I had never approached a knowledge of the writer, except in his History of the French Revolution, in which history becomes poetry, at once in its vivid picture and elevated truth. On the silent river, and afterwards on my long journey from Karlsruhe to Schaffhausen, in such serious and unruffled mode as it is entitled to claim, I endeavoured to understand this work;—but, while conscious of massive presentations of character, and striking sentiments most forcibly expressed, I could regard its general scope, and its selection of instances, only with an imperfect sympathy. A question sometimes intruded on my admiration of the radiance of its imagery, whether a power of hitherto undiscovered truth was struggling into light amidst the grotesque and tortuous grandeurs of its language, or whether the doctrines were revivals of old thoughts, which, imbedded in a mind of extraordinary wealth, had become embossed and jewelled by its kindred riches; as a piece of common ore, lying for ages among the rocks, may become rough with crystals, and thus grow unwieldy from the beauty which incrusts it; and although no one can doubt the personal sincerity of that mind, and that if, indeed, these are gemmed common-places, they are to its apprehension original truths; still I am compelled to doubt whether in this work any new lesson of wisdom is given to the world. Its text—"That the history of the world is the biography of its greatest men"—was not only enunciated, but acted upon, in the scheme of the Encyclopædia Metropolitana, which proposed in this manner to treat all history, supplying the fissures of its biographies by general chapters. That the position is, to a certain extent, true, cannot be denied; but I doubt whether Mr. Carlyle's mode of illustrating it—his attempt to break up the long bas-relief of history, and cast it anew into a series of groups, each encircling some one colossal figure; to substitute for the world's epic a series of tragedies; proves anything but the power of the genius that makes it. That genius is essentially dramatic, but monodramatic—delighting in the vivid presentment of one great nature in action and suffering—lavishing upon it all the touches of affection, and the colours of fancy, till it becomes an idol, and then bowing down before it as the spirit of its time; and thus sacrificing the universal to the individual, or bidding the universal speak through the individual only. To exercise and enjoy this power, with which Mr. Carlyle is gifted far beyond all modern prose writers, seems to me the aim, though unrevealed to his own consciousness, of this heroic theory; so that, when he thinks he is presenting some image of individual might to the world, as influencing its millions and its ages, he is only dazzled and delighted by the moral majesty and grace of his own creation.

Nor can we omit

#### TALFOURD ON TENNYSON.

At eight o'clock we embarked on our first great lake, and then my happiness began; for I forthwith dived to the bottom of my bag, and eviscerated the first volume of Tennyson's Poems, which, strange to confess, I had never read before, having been deterred by a most villainous prejudice, adopted from some "false, fleeting" criticism, which represented them as replete with poetic power, but wild, irregular, and affected; which I translated into meaning—something you are bound to admire and compelled to dislike. I was, therefore, no less astonished than delighted with the passionate beauty, the intensity of generous pathos, the felicitous expression of a weight of human experience in few words, which, while they charmed, smote me with remorse for my long neglect of a great, original, deep-hearted poet. And yet it seemed almost impossible to believe that some of the poems were new to me. With so singular a felicity did they touch on some chords of feeling and memory, that they seemed old but strangely-forgotten things—strains heard in remote boyhood—voices breathed with mighty but homely power, from the depths of years. It seemed to me, as I read, as if I knew what was



coming next, as our real life sometimes seems to break on the fragments of a reviving dream,—yet how far beyond all my poor conceptions was the grace and glory with which fragments of my own being seemed invested!

What more inspiring theme to one of his mould than to find himself amid the magnificent desolation of the Alps. He thus gives utterance to his

## ALPINE THOUGHTS.

In the deep solitude of this our most Alpine hour, I felt my mind, instead of expanding with the scene, shrink and shiver within me; the awful description of Coleridge's Ancient Mariner—of his feeling in the enchanted ocean—"so lonely 'twas that God himself scarce seemed there to be," came upon my thought; and I was forced to project my mind into brighter scenes to cast off the "burthen of mystery" with which these huge forms of matter oppressed it. Surely it is a false application of a great sentiment to represent that, amidst the vast desolation of scenes like these, the presence of creative and providential goodness is more vividly indicated than in the common pathway of life; that an unhumiliated spirit finding Divinity nowhere else, must recognise it in these dumb fastnesses of nature; or that the devout believer should feel himself more in the immediate presence of his Maker here than in the plain or the city. Such raptures,—if not misplaced at the sight of a vast chaos, like the cataract of Niagara, a world of water inevitably tumbling down from the sudden descent of its channel,—have no especial or peculiar propriety which should exclude equal consciousness of the Divine in livelier scenes. Surely it is not beneath the pinnacles of heights unvisited by human step; in huge unpeopled solitudes; in regions of ancient ruin and present desolation, that the mind more intensely perceives the workings of merciful Wisdom, than in the daily sunrise, the unfailling succession of seasons, the development of the humblest flower from its seed; the smallest, faintest, commonest harmonies of the universe! It is true that when the mind, at first overwhelmed by those huge inequalities which mark the ruins of centuries, finds relief in tracing out the beauty which every where gradually cleaves to them, and perceives a spirit of loveliness ever working to clothe rude chasms with waving verdure, and sculpture out fair beds for the tortured torrents to rest in, it throws off the weight of stifling matter, and rejoices in its celestial relations. But there is more kindred with our heaven-ward thoughts, and, therefore, more living proofs of their divine source, in the humblest movement of the lowest intellect—in the infant's dawning smile—even in the instincts of animal affection, than in all these majestic tossings of the rind of the outer world. Within ourselves we may find the unerring witness to Him who moulded us, if we devoutly regard the depths of our own being; instead of being taught the cold lesson to "look through Nature up to Nature's God," strive to look out upon nature from Him; and rise towards heaven on the wings of faith and love, instead of trying to ascend by the ladder of natural history. If the proud philosopher who has crushed the sense of Deity beneath his selfishness and his scorn, finds it rising upon him in scenes like these, it is not because they supply suggestions with which every movement of his own mind, if wisely scanned, is more pregnant; but because here—alone in a tempest-riven wilderness of rock, the truth starts out upon him, and the depth of the solitude forces him to confess that Presence which alone peoples it.

The large and tolerant spirit of the true philosopher appears in these

## REFLECTIONS ON ROMAN CATHOLICISM.

A Protestant who respects, as he ought, the Roman Catholic faith, is apt to feel impatient of the taste which disturbs his Catholic meditations in the simple church, or even in the stupendous cathedral, by the intermixture of paintings all flaunting with soulless cherubs, or dark with caricatures of physical suffering; and still more when the idea of the Blessed Virgin is embodied in a tawdry doll, frocked in dirty muslin, bedizened with dull spangles and bits of stained glass. But we forget that religion is not the concern only of people of expanded minds or delicate sensibilities; that the untaught or ill-taught mind, which would only shiver back into its own littleness in the vastness of a picturesque cathedral, may be touched through these poor semblances, by pious affections; and that the heart which might be callous to the pure sense of infinite love, may be softened into grateful worship by the frequent exhibition of physical agony. All these, the highest as well as the lowest, are but the aids and appliances by which poor human nature may trace and cleave to something of the everlasting and unseen; and, therefore, it may be that these elaborate trifles, or these shocking representations, have as influential a power over the ignorance and weakness to which they are adapted, as that with which the noblest works of pious ages are imbued for him whose soul they raise to "temples not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

On a different theme hear him. It is THORWALDSEN's statue of

## THE LION OF LUCERNE.

Although the situation is chosen with a noble daring—the open side of a bare rock, surmounting a still pool of dark water—and the circumstance of the sole figure being sculptured out of that rock arrests the attention of the spectator—yet situation, circumstance, material, all are nothing compared with the expression of the figure itself—the stricken and dying lion, grasping with its paw, as by instinct, more affecting as it has almost waned to mechanical, the lily of the Bourbons. There is surely no image in stone or marble of stricken power and beautiful resignation—of fidelity imparting sweetness to death—of true heroic suffering, beyond relief but above despair, so eloquent as this! We should say that it is superior to the occasion which prompted it, if such a work of genius were not truer than our theories. If I had not seen that patient and dying lion, I should have thought that, although no form of humanity, that has mastered the fear of death, can ever be without kindred with the heroic, its lowest attributes would suffice for mercenary soldiers, yielding up their lives in pursuance of their bargain with a foreign power; but in the presence of this eloquent testimonial to the dead, I cannot help attributing to them some sympathy with the ancient greatness of the monarchy in whose service they fell; investing their valour with a moral dignity, and their fate with a human interest, which no written history could give them.

At Berne, a disagreeable old lady was thrust upon them by their driver, at which they could do nothing but protest. This incident, however, draws from the Sergeant the following anecdote of

## LORD ELLENBOROUGH AND HENRY HUNT.

It was in those true Tory times, now for ever fled; after the period "when spies and special juries were unknown," and before these days when spies have grown historical, and special juries, even in the Exchequer, give verdicts against the Crown; that the celebrated Mr. Henry Hunt, in his character of redresser of wrongs, became the champion of an idle lad named Dogood, who had been imprisoned on some pretence as idle as himself, and assuming that the Lord Chief Justice sat for the redress of all grievances, attended during one long day's sharp sitting at Nisi Prius to address Lord Ellenborough on the subject's wrongs. He found no opportunity, however, on which even his consummate impudence could seize, till the business closed; for Lord Ellenborough, who had come down after an interval, during which his substitutes had made slow progress, was rushing through the list like a rhinoceros through a sugar plantation, or a Common Sergeant in the evening through a paper of small larcenies; but just as he had consulted the plaintiff in the twenty-second cause, which the plaintiff's attorney had thought safe to the end of the week, and was about to retire to his turtle with the conviction of having done a very good morning's work, an undeniable voice exclaimed, "My lord!" and Mr. Hunt was seen on the floor, with his peculiar air—perplexed between that of a bully and a martyr. The Bar stood aghast at his presumption; the ushers' wands trembled in their hands; and the reporters, who were retiring after a very long day, during which, though some few city firms had been crushed into bankruptcy, and some few hearts broken by the results of the causes, they could honestly describe as "affording nothing of the slightest interest except to the parties," rushed back, and seized their note books to catch any word of that variety of rubbish which is of "public interest." My lord paused, and looked thunders, but spoke none. "I am here, my lord, on the part of the boy Dogood," proceeded the undaunted Quixote. His lordship cast a moment's glance on the printed list, and quietly said, "Mr. Hunt, I see no name of any boy Dogood in the paper of causes," and turned towards the door of his room. "My lord!" vociferated the orator, "am I to have no redress for an unfortunate youth? I thought your lordship was sitting for the redress of injuries in a court of justice." "O no, Mr. Hunt!" still calmly responded the judge, "I am sitting at Nisi Prius; and I have no right to redress any injuries except those which may be brought before the jury and me in the causes appointed for trial." "My lord," then said Mr. Hunt, somewhat subdued by the unexpected amenity of the judge, "I only desire to protest." "O, is that all?" said Lord Ellenborough; "by all means protest, and go about your business!" So Mr. Hunt protested, and went about his business; and my lord went unruffled to his dinner; and both parties were content.

Our traveller, like every body else, was disappointed with Vevey and its neighbourhood, being unable to find any of the loveliness so glowingly embodied in the verses of Lord Byron; to wit:—

## REALITY VERSUS POETRY.

Clarens has no aspect of the "birthplace of love;" it is a long, dull, brickly village, stretching along the breast of a scantily-wooded hill—steep enough for weariness, but not for romance. Its trees do not "take root in love," at least they do not display any fruits of such nurture—"all things are not here of love." They are open, arid, uninviting—suspended between ugliness and grandeur—but having no touch of loveliness except that with which Rousseau's sentiment has tinted them. The whole scene—lake, rocks, and mountains, is one which may inspire great thoughts—thoughts tending to brace the sinews of the mind, not to relax them in voluptuous weakness; attractions the reverse of those with which the English poet has arrayed it.

We will not mar by any extract the very interesting account of the learned Sergeant's unsuccessful attempt to ascend Mont Blanc. It must be read as a whole to be thoroughly enjoyed. That and the reflections with which the work is closed we commend to the perusal of our readers, and we take leave of the tourist with thanks for this contribution to the library, and hearty wishes that he may enjoy life and health to give us many more equally delightful recollections of his wanderings in his Long Vacations.

*Journal of a March from Delhi to Peshawur, and from thence to Cabul, with the Mission of Lieut. Colonel Wade, K.C.B.; including Travels in the Punjab, a Visit to the City of Lahore, and a Narrative of Operations in the Khyber Pass, undertaken in 1835. By Lieut. BARR, Bengal Horse Artillery. Madden and Co. Leadenhall-street.*

THE press has groaned under the narratives of the melancholy events that throw so dark a shade over the annals of our Indian Empire. But the theme is far from being exhausted, and the tale of every new observer teems with fresh interest.

Lieutenant BARR describes the events *previous* to the fatal retreat of General ELPHINSTONE, and he paints scenery that is new to Europeans, and men whose names have become familiar from their association with the sad events that followed.

The preface informs us that the Journal was not written for publication. So much the better: the impressions of the moment are always the most vivid, and are therefore likely to be the most correct. When we write from memory some colours have faded, and imagination makes others overbright.

In December 1838 the Lieut. received orders to join Col. WADE at Cabul, with a detachment of Horse Artillery. The Colonel had with him a considerable force of very heterogeneous material.

We shall not attempt to trace the journey from Delhi to Cabul, nor how on his road he visited the palace of Runjeet Singh; enough that he joined the Colonel on the 27th of March. But some of his sketches by the way will interest the reader. Here is

## LAHORE.

The country around is one scene of ruins, nothing being visible but confused heaps of brick, with here and there a mosque or mausoleum in a half-decayed state, but still bearing traces of former magnificence, and pointing out where one of the most ancient cities in Hindoostan had existed. In one of these tombs, of a large size, and in better repair than the majority, a gang of Akallies (a tribe of religious fanatics peculiar to the Punjab, and of a character approaching to the Fakir of India) had taken up their abode. These people are of low caste; but somehow they have contrived to obtain a degree of power which renders them formidable, and as, on account of their sacred character they are nearly if not totally exempt from all punishments for their misdeeds, they have become insolent and overbearing, almost beyond endurance. As we passed by them they hurled at us a vocabulary of words, which no doubt contained epithets of a most disrespectful character, but being expressed in a language unknown to us we were content to remain in ignorance of their meaning. Captain Ferris, seeing a fire in the place, directed his sayer to procure a light for his cigar, but on the man's attempting to take one, the Akallies vociferated loudly, and turned him out *sans cérémonie*. They dress somewhat like the Fakir, occasionally besmearing themselves with ashes, but the generality wear more clothes, and a conical turban of a peculiar but elegant shape, which they don with much taste; and several suspend from it two or three large quoits, which they throw with such dexterity as to render them at close quarters most formidable weapons.

The streets are narrow and dirty. The mosque is a modern building of great beauty:—

Four minarets covered with enamel painting, the colours being arranged with great taste and of the most brilliant hues, rise towering to the sky, and connecting them are forty rooms, where the dervishes were wont to read and reside, but which are now filled with beggars and decrepid individuals, who crawl about in a state of disgusting nudity. The mosque itself is also embellished with pigments, and with numberless sentences extracted from the Koran, the letters of which are inlaid with such neatness and accuracy as to excite wonder. Many of the beggars lined the gateway, and solicited alms as we passed, and before we entered some of the faqueers wished us to take off our shoes—a proposal we declined acceding to, nor were we asked to comply with it by our attendants.

The people dress in very showy colours; their houses are represented as substantial and clean. This is a picture of

## THE PALACE AT LAHORE.

In the centre of this square, which is laid out in gardens and terraces, is an elegant little building, erected by the Maharajah, with marble pilfered from the tomb of Jehanquise and his Wuzer, where he transacts business in the hot season. The lower apartment is fourteen feet square, ornamented with looking-glass, gilding, and colours, most harmoniously blended and extremely rich. Light is admitted through Saracenic arches on pillars, and a verandah, eight feet broad, with a ceiling embellished in the same style of profusion, encompasses the whole, which is built on a chabootra some four or five feet above the ground. We ascended to an upper room, of similar size and shape, but even more beautifully and gorgeously ornamented; the four doors being decorated with ivory, inlaid in various devices, each being different from the other, and all arranged with much taste. There is also an apartment under ground, where the Maharajah takes refuge from the hot winds, and during the hours of recreation admits a few of his most intimate friends.

A new town has sprung up near Lahore, to which all the wealthiest inhabitants are removing. It is called

## ARMITSER.

The most wealthy of the merchants and tradespeople, with the keen-sightedness ever attendant upon those engaged in the pursuits of traffic, foreseeing the rising greatness of the new town, are gradually leaving Lahore, and removing to it; and as all the valuable shawls and other fine fabrics of Cashmere have also been transferred to the mart there, the commercial importance of the metropolis is much inferior to what it once was. Still it is considerable, and amongst a population of from 80,000 to 100,000 persons, whose pride and vanity consist in the fineness of their apparel and beauty of their ornaments, it may readily be supposed a thriving business is driven in silks, jewellery, and such like articles. During our sojourn here, very excellent descriptions of the former were brought to our camp, and offered for sale at one rupee ten annas to two rupees (about 3s. 4d. to 4s.) per yard: and though the colours, generally speaking, are rather bright and gaudy, yet there is something attractive about them, and they are admired even by our own fair countrywomen—than whom who can be better judges on subjects relating to dress? Silk strings for sleeping trousers sell for their weight in silver, and are celebrated all over India. Pattos, such as we can buy in our provinces for 24 to 26 rupees a piece, is to be had here for 16 or 18, and coarse blankets of a strong texture for a mere trifle. Paper inkstands, inscribed with sentences from the Koran, and lackered over in the manner practised at Banilly, are well made, and fetch from one to five rupees, according to the size and style of the article.

On the 23rd of February the party left Lahore. Their journey now became very tedious, and, as a specimen of the difficulties they had to encounter, read the lively description of

## A PUNJABEE FERRY.

As soon as the artillery had finished with the boats a regular scuffle ensued for them, and of course strength and might won the day; those who had gained possession of them retaining it by thrashing unmercifully any individual who attempted to enter the boat, except of their own party. One little fellow I observed making dexterous use of a short thick stick, with which he belaboured the heads and legs of those who, being no acquaintance of his, endeavoured to secure a seat, and the gentler sex, I am ashamed to say, were treated in no better manner, for those who got on board (and many did) had, after receiving their portion of thumps with the rest, to tumble in head foremost, or were dragged in by the feet or hands, whichever limb was nearest to their friends, who had previously obtained a footing. Children, too, were in danger of being crushed; and I understood it



is not a rare occurrence for two parties to draw swords, and have a regular set-to for the precedence; indeed Foulkes mentioned that not long ago a man deliberately levelled his matchlock and shot another who had disputed his right to a passage.

They visited the mausoleum of the Emperor Jehanguir, which would appear to be a building of great magnificence, but it has been shamelessly plundered of much of its most valuable marble which was transferred by Runjeet Singh to his own palace.

On the banks of the river Chenab they witnessed the burning of a corpse; it was that of a young woman. This is the account of

#### A FUNERAL IN PESHAWUR.

The body, wrapped in an orange-coloured piece of cloth, was placed on a "charpacc" (a sort of bedstead), carried by men, and a few, also, of the male sex occupied the station of our chief mourners, behind whom the women dressed in white, but not of the purest colour, ranged two by two, and followed chanting a dirge. For the completion of the ceremonies they chose a spot not far from our camp, where, having heaped some logs one upon another, the body was placed on them, and then more wood piled on it. The pyre was soon after set fire to; on which the mourners commenced to screech and beat one another at a measured time; this ceasing, and continuing at intervals, until the corpse was entirely consumed.

The travellers visited the stables of RUNJEET SINGH, and found the horses very fat, incapable of work and useful only for a show; this deformity was produced by cramming them with balls of butter and sugar.

Again, at Attock, they were put to great straits to cross the Indus. At Acora, on the other side, they were greeted by a party of village musicians who made the most horrible discord, and the rustic dancing was equally ungraceful.

At Peshawur, the lieutenant joined Colonel Wade, whose army numbered 4,000. His first morning dreams were disturbed by some more of the music which had grated upon his ears before.

My slumbers were disturbed at daybreak by a villanous compound of sounds, the most distinct of which strongly reminded me, in my semi-awakened state, of the braying of some infuriated jackasses, each endeavouring to outvie the other in the loudness of their most dissonant tones, and attended by a parcel of individuals urging them to the performance by keeping up a continued clatter with pots, pans, kettles, chillumchies (brass wash-hand basins), and other brazen vessels, mercilessly struck together, to create as much confusion as it was possible. There was no sleeping after this; so I vociferated to my bearer to inquire the reason of all the disturbance, and prepared to dress. His reply, however, was immediate, and my senses were somewhat staggered to hear it arose from the *state band* of his Royal Highness the Shah-zada Timour, whose tent is situated nearly in front of mine, and whose pleasure it is to have the musicians pour forth their inharmonious strains each day at the same unseasonable time, it being a royal custom.

Very amusing and characteristic is his sketch of

#### SHAH SOOJAH'S TROOPS.

Their dress is multifarious, each seemingly pleasing himself as to his costume; but those most to be admired wear a flexible mail shirt, gauntlets, and casque of steel, or a Kuzzilbash cap, formed out of the glossy skin of the jet black lamb, and tapering off towards the top, on which a small red tuft is visible. The chapkun, or long Mussulman robe, is very generally used; but its colours vary with the fancy of the wearer, and the turban, consisting as it does of innumerable folds of cloth, is heaped on the head in the most irregular manner, and only kept in unison by the cummerbund being wrapped round the body in as equally slovenly a way. Many wear high boots of rough untanned leather, or sandals laced with thongs; and not a few had on shoes with large hob-nails in the soles. Their complexions, too, differ as much as their dress, some being as fair as Europeans, whilst others are as swarthy as negroes. A great number dye their beards red, which seems to be a favourite colour, as it is not unusual with them to stain their horses' legs and tails of the same hue; and the latter appendage is very often tied up in a knot. They were all mounted upon a good and hardy description of pony, and generally armed with a light jhezail, or rifle, and a sword and shield; but a few, in addition to their other weapons, carried a long spear. Discipline is unknown in their ranks, and even the necessity of, in some measure, keeping together as a body apparently is irksome to them. Every one strives to be in front; and now and then an individual would suddenly dart from the midst of the party, and scampering off at full gallop, would fire off his matchlock, and then return to

his comrades at the same rapid pace. I was much interested in their appearance and proceedings, as they formed a fair sample of the much-vaunted Affghan cavalry; and although, no doubt, excellent in their own country, and in contests with the hordes they have hitherto encountered, a charge on fair ground from one regiment of European dragoons would either annihilate them or literally bear them off the field.

We cannot attempt to follow him through his various adventures, or even to name the many military spectacles and courtly interviews at which he was present. Our space warns us to limit our notice to extracts of a few of the passages containing descriptions and information likely most to interest the English reader. Here is

#### A STREET SKETCH.

A long and loose white robe entirely conceals the figure of the wearer; and a thick veil, with two or three small apertures of net work to breathe and see through, effectually conceals her features from the forbidden gaze of man. As we approached the garden we passed a funeral procession, attended by a numerous body of men chanting a dirge, and preceded by others, who carried five trays of different coloured cloths, as offerings; but there was no solemnity whatever in the scene; and we, being strangers in the land, attracted more of their attention than they devoted to the ceremony in which they were engaged. Happening to pass the grave on the following morning, I observed it to be surrounded by a number of mourners, all women, who were huddled close together; but they manifested the same indifference as was exhibited by the train who had followed the corpse to its last resting-place.

On one occasion, the Shah thought fit to make to the English party some handsome presents of dress which they were expected forthwith to put on, without reference to its suitability to their European costume. Their figures were thus made irresistibly ludicrous:

As the latter articles of dress (the shawls) were thrown over our shoulders, it was well the darkness of the night had in some measure advanced, or I know not how long we should have retained our gravity, the figures we cut were so absurdly ridiculous; indeed, a suppressed tittering in the most obscure corner of the tent almost totally upset the Mollah-like solemnity of countenance that those of us in its neighbourhood were striving to conjure up; whilst here and there the convulsive movements of a body would betray the workings that were going on in the inner man to preserve that external appearance of decorum so necessary for the part we were playing. Some wore cocked hats; others chakoes, which harmonized most ludicrously with bright kim-khwab, or yellow dresses; and it was a perfect relief when we took our departure, and were enabled to indulge in a hearty cachinnation at our pantomimic figures, after it had been so long pent up. On examining our presents, when the durbar was concluded, several of us found that both our chogahs and shawls had been worn by their previous owners, and mine more especially, as a black rim round the neck of the former marked where it had come in contact with a greasy beard. We could, therefore, make no use of them, and as the Toshah Khanah was in want of such articles, the majority of us sold them, and I for mine obtained 130 rupees.

They were compelled to observe the strictest watchfulness as they approached the famous

#### KHYDER PASS.

Every precaution that is necessary to guard against a surprise has been put into requisition, and it is now in orders, that the subaltern officer of the day shall go the rounds twice during each night. General Ventura has also been appointed to the command of the Sikh auxiliary force, and our camp is, in consequence, formed into two portions; the Shah-zada, with the British detachments and his own levies, being on the right, and separated from the Maharajah's troops, who are on the left, by the main street extending between them. The sun had not long disappeared beneath the horizon, when one of those terrible dusk storms, so peculiar to the East, set in with much violence, and continued throughout the night. At ten p.m. being officer of the day (there are but three of us for this duty, so it comes round pretty often), I started on the rounds in a darkness that might have been felt, so loaded was the atmosphere with particles of sand, and, by dint of much scrambling and groping, at last reached one of the pickets. Progressing onwards, as I and my escort considered in the most proper direction for another, we were suddenly stunned by the shouts of "*Qui vive! qui vive!*" on all sides, and up started a guard of the Sikh camp, into which we had stumbled, and where certainly we had no business. It was some moments ere I could assure the khalsas we were friends, and as they seemed half inclined in their sleepy



state to doubt my assertion, the havildar who accompanied me whispered "Sahib, we had better get out of this as soon as possible, for these fellows are such paguls (fools) that they will in their fright shoot us, and declare they took us for Khyberries." I agreed with him; so, once more setting our faces in, as we supposed, a direct line for the second picket, we recommenced our search. It was in vain, however. After a lapse of some time, we were brought up by the flag-staff, in the very centre of the camp; so giving it up as a bad job I dismissed the men to their tents, which were close at hand, and, three hours afterwards, met with better success.

They found the heat intolerable, and the mosquitoes a perfect pest, biting even through leather gloves. But the Khyberrees were still greater plagues; they never ceased to harass them day and night, and Lieut. BARR's narrative of his journey through that fearful pass almost equals in interest the more terrible ones which succeeded, and which are full in the memory of our readers. We can give but one brief passage from a long and vivid description, which has almost the interest of a romance:—

Another of their parties, and most probably some of the garrison from Ali Musjid, as they were dressed in a red uniform, lined the crest of a ridge below our left flank, and from thence annoyed our people a good deal. A shell was sent at these fellows, and luckily pitched and exploded amongst them, the success being hailed by our party by a loud huzza, re-echoed again from the surrounding hills; but the enemy nevertheless stood fast and continued to blaze away at us, some of their bullets passing over our heads, and others falling short struck the ground and bounded onwards with a whiz like the twang of a bow-string. The next shell was not so happy, for it flew over the narrow ridge and burst harmless in the hollow on the other side; a huzza from the redcoats in return being faintly borne to us on the wings of the breeze, as a testimony of their gratification for its innocuous qualities. This kind of warfare continued upwards of an hour, with more or less success, the balls of our foes in front every now and then passing through a small tree close to a hillock that partially sheltered us, and lopping off the more slender of its branches as clean as if cut with a knife. The heat had now become terrific, and the rays of a noon-day sun darted down with an intensity almost insupportable. Meanwhile, the dead and wounded were being carried from the breastwork to the village in the rear, and amongst the former I observed a particularly fine-looking man, whose long black hair swept the ground as his corpse was being dragged away. The nature of the dependence we might place on our raw levies was manifested when their ammunition began again to fail, and who one by one, as the individual fired off his last cartridge, left the inclosure on the "rising ground," in spite of exhortations, encouragements, and threats to remain until Mackeson, who had gone for some, should return. All was in vain, and it was with the utmost difficulty that either Ferris or I could prevail upon a few to wait until the mortar was dismounted and packed. On this being done a new difficulty arose, as to who should carry it; for, with the exception of one, all the bearers had made off whilst we were too busily engaged to observe their movements—and some delay arose ere we could persuade half-a-dozen of the irregulars to take it as far as the village. Had the Khyberrees at this time been aware of the straits to which we were reduced, and had made a bold dash, they might easily have secured the piece of ordnance with ourselves, and the small party that stayed with us. They were deceived, however, by a few hardy spirits who still plied their matchlocks from the inclosure with unabated vigour, and whose bold front portended that other troops must be at hand ready to support them and take their places.

The Lieutenant's severe labours produced an attack of fever, and he was laid up at

#### JELLALABAD.

I was much disappointed at the miserable appearance of this town, composed as it is of wretched mud hovels with flat roofs, and surrounded by a wall of the same material. The main street was almost empty, and yet there must have been a considerable number of inhabitants somewhere, as I noticed the butchers' shops were most numerous and all well stocked with provisions. Most of the residents we fell in with had their complexions stained with the yellow tinge of sickness, which did not say much for its situation: but we soon ceased to regard this with any surprise, when, during the four days of our sojourn in its neighbourhood, we found the changes of temperature to be so considerable. At noon the thermometer never stood lower than 102 degrees, and a hot wind blew all the day; but at night it became so cold that counterpanes and blankets were absolutely necessary to defend us from its influence.

On the 3rd of September, Colonel Wade reached Cabul. The Lieutenant gives a favourable picture of the capital of Afghanistan.

#### CABUL.

After gaining the summit of rather a steep eminence, the city of Cabul suddenly burst on our sight, and being situated between a couple of fortified hills, formed an extremely pleasing picture. It was about three miles distant; the intervening space presenting an animated scene, covered as it was with innumerable tents, and crowded with soldiers of every description that composed "the army of the Indus." The road from the eminence to the city was lined with troops from Bengal and Bombay, the several regiments presenting arms, and the artillery firing royal salutes as the Shah-zada passed. It was late in the day ere we reached the walls of the town, close to which ground had been marked out for our encampment, but my friends D. and Dr. M. who had joined me on the road, observing the weak state I was in, persuaded me to enter a tent until my own should arrive. Here I unrobed myself, and was accommodated with a comfortable dressing gown in lieu of the stiff dress-jacket, but I was a good deal knocked up with fatigue, and M. on feeling my pulse, found it pelting away at 130 per minute. On the following morning I visited the city in the colonel's "tonjon," and was very much struck with the handsome appearance of the chief bazaar, called the "char-chuttar," from its being enclosed or covered in. Here and there, however, octagonal areas, which formerly possessed reservoirs of water, now choked up, broke the line of roof, and not only admitted light, but caused a free circulation of air to pass underneath the arcades, which without them must otherwise have been confined and unhealthy. Of all the shops the most attractive are the fruiterers', and they arrange with much taste the numberless luscious edibles that they offer for sale. Grapes of every variety and size, water and musk melons (the pride of the Cabullies), apples, pears, quinces, pomegranates, &c. are piled up in front of their "dokaas," and are in such profusion that it seems astonishing there should be found customers enough to purchase the hills of fruit that everywhere catch the eye. Next to the fruiterers, the trades that predominate are the leather-sellers, furriers, braziers, butchers, and cooks, and the constant ingress and egress of individuals to and from the shops of the latter bespeak it as a thriving profession.

Here he accidentally lighted upon a very curious and affecting relic.

#### AN ENGLISH TOMB.

Opposite the Bala Hissar, but outside the walls of the fort, is a small mosque, of no great antiquity. Sheltered by a few trees, and close to it, lies a small tombstone (evidently removed from its original situation), which bears an inscription purporting to cover the remains of 'John Hicks, son of John and Edith Hicks, who departed this life in 1666,' or to that effect; the words being carved in plain letters, and carried round the slab without any attention being paid to their division into syllables. It is a curious relic, and at some future time we may possibly learn who this individual was that found a grave in so distant a country at a period when little or nothing was known of the existence of Afghanistan.

But we must unwillingly pause, leaving the remainder of this most amusing narrative to be traced in the work itself, which every reader should order in his book-club, or borrow from the circulating library.

#### FICTION.

*Strathern. A Novel.* By the Countess of BLESSINGTON. In 4 vols. London: Colburn.

FASHIONABLE novels have been *out of fashion* for a long time. And no wonder. The novel-reading public, although by no means remarkable for fastidiousness of taste, and delicate appetites, was fairly nauseated by the number that at one period came tumbling from the press, each one more rapid and dull than its predecessor, and not a few the products of literary hacks, who knew no more of the life they pretended to paint than they could gather from books not always very faithful authorities. Hence the fashionable novel grew into disrepute, fell out of favour; even milliners and maid servants ceased to be fascinated by it, and of course the booksellers ceased to publish.

It is a bold attempt of the Countess of BLESSINGTON thus to defy the prejudice produced by often disappointment, and at the period of its utmost unpopularity, to offer to the circulating libraries a real fashionable novel. It is still more daring to do so in the heterodox shape of *four* volumes. Unusual attractions will be required to tempt the librarian to the increased cost, and the reader to the added labour occasioned by unwonted expansion.

But we think the Countess has not presumed without a fair title to do so. *Strathern* is in truth a very clever and attractive work; a real fashionable novel, and performs with spirit, and often with brilliancy, the part which is the special duty of such a publication, namely, that of the satirist. Intimately acquainted with the life she has undertaken to paint, and gifted with those keen perceptions in which her sex so excels our own, she has omitted no opportunity of shaming folly by ridicule, and satirizing tolerated vices which reproof cannot reach.

*Strathern* must not be read for its story, or it will disappoint; it can claim no merit on the score of skilful plot or exciting incident. Many a romance from the once famed Minerva press could boast of more interest as a narrative,—more perhaps for the mere devourer of novels who gallops through three volumes in an evening, and skips the conversations. *Strathern* appeals to a better class of readers. It requires to be perused with attention, if only as a collection of spirited and truthful sketches of life, as it is found in the fashionable world, and of character, so far as individuality is tolerated there. The delicate touches of a woman's hand are visible in these portraiture, and they are rendered piquant by a dash of quiet satire which we feel, but could scarcely define, and which has the merit of telling, as forcibly as any thing of Mrs. Trollope's, without the coarseness that offends in the fictions of the latter.

The result of a perusal of this novel is not more favourable to the society it depicts than was the report of her predecessors. Improvement there does not appear to have kept pace with improvement in the other classes. Nature is still frowned down; the heart is not permitted to feel, or the tongue or the face to speak, emotions, as if CARLYLE had never written, and YOUNG ENGLAND had not appeared. Lady BLESSINGTON, who has both a head and a heart, seems to be conscious of the folly of an existence so entirely artificial, for she certainly impresses her readers with the conviction that its hollowness is odious to herself. The faults of fashionable life engage the greater portion of her pages; the personages she has introduced to us are, for the most part, very hateful creatures. Very low is the prevailing tone of morality, and of religion there is no trace beyond the forms required for keeping up appearances. All ages and both sexes are represented as essentially selfish and cold-blooded; personal aggrandisement in rank or fortune being the one object to which all the virtues, and charities, and affections of life are remorselessly sacrificed. Mothers plot for introductions, daughters for settlements, fathers for ribbands, sons for places, and all unscrupulously seek to compass their ends by artifices, which in a lower grade of society would be termed fraud, and punished as such.

Another faculty is possessed by Lady BLESSINGTON, which peculiarly fits her to be a reporter of fashionable life. She can penetrate below the surface of things; read the troubled heart hidden beneath the smooth face, the malice that lurks under the courteous smile and the flattering tongue. The minutest shades of character she catches and fixes upon her pages; she has a keen sense of the ridiculous which suffers none of the anomalies of the social code to escape exposure, and she is not wanting in the loftier powers of reflection that enable her to trace back effects to their causes, and deduce practical lessons from the incidents she relates.

As we have observed, the plot of *Strathern* is meagre enough. The greater portion of its scenes are laid in Rome during its winter season, when it is crowded with English aristocracy flying from the fogs and frosts of home to the genial climate of Italy. The story is woven out of the adventures in wife-hunting of *Strathern*, the hero, and his friends Lord Fitzwarren and Lord Beaulieu. *Strathern* is betrothed to Louisa Sidney, a charming ideal of a true woman, contrasting finely with the cold and calculating creatures among whom she moves. Of her acquaintances are Lady Wellerby and her daughters, a thoroughly fashionable family of match-makers. Lord Fitzwarren is regularly entrapped by Lady Olivia Wellerby, and Lord Beaulieu lays siege to Louisa Sidney, by whom he is indignantly rejected. He is, however, the heartless, unprincipled scoundrel who seems to be required in all novels; so he becomes the marplot of the story, and prevents the *denouement* from arriving too quickly for the convenience of author and bookseller. He devises

various schemes for severing *Strathern* and Louisa, and is of course successful for a time, and their union appears to be hopeless. Lord Beaulieu marries the widow of a Stock Exchange broker, reported to be enormously rich, the rake being driven to it by his necessities, and a belief that the title and fortune possessed by his eldest brother never could be his. He is duly punished by learning, immediately after his union with the coarse, vulgar, hateful, and hated creature, that his noble brother had died suddenly, and that fortune and title were his, with the greater misfortune of being tied for life to such a marchioness as he had made. He then indulges his natural inclinations, intrigues with the wife of his friend Lord Fitzwarren, and a duel ensues, by which both the husbands are got rid of, Louisa Sidney is reconciled to *Strathern*, and so ends the tale.

The defects of this novel are the meagreness of the plot and the motley dialect in which it is written. There is throughout an absurd admixture of French phrases: every page is profusely sprinkled with them. This is an affectation altogether unworthy of such a writer as Lady BLESSINGTON, who can, if she pleases, express herself in as pure, vigorous, and elegant Saxon as any author of our time. It is a blemish we cannot so readily excuse as do some of our contemporaries. It is, in our estimation, a sin against nationality—an un-English weakness which we, for our part, will never see committed by an English author without an indignant protest.

It is almost unnecessary to add to this account of it a cordial recommendation of *Strathern* to every circulating library, and to the perusal of all readers. As specimens, though meagre ones, of its manner, we select two or three passages which best endure excision from their contexts.

## WITS.

"Ill-regulated minds and unhealthy bodies produce more cynics than bad hearts. Nay, wit itself, that 'lightning of the mind,' frequently tempts its possessors to give utterance to *bons mots* bearing the stamp of ill-nature, when that sentiment really had no part in dictating them. The wish to shine in society—and what method of doing this so easy for a clever person as brilliant sallies and pointed sarcasms?—originates most of the *méchancetés spirituelles*, which, though they cause a wit to be feared in society, render him also courted, and establish for him a certain reputation, which, in my opinion, is neither to be desired nor envied."

"Yet I have known some men who, though acknowledging wits, seldom, if ever, indulged in the malice supposed to appertain to their craft."

"So have I also, and this self-control impressed me with a very high opinion in their favour. To resist giving expression to the thousand brilliant *mots* suggested by a lively imagination called into action by some folly or mistake, committed by the less-gifted with whom he associates, *proves* at once that he who practises this restraint possesses three estimable qualities—a fine understanding, a good heart, and a true politeness."

How true and how considerate are these comments on that useful and excellent, but most unkindly treated class,

## OLD MAIDS.

Yes, there are few classes more deserving esteem than that denominated old maids. What kind and tender nurses to the sick, what affectionate and sympathizing companions to the sorrowful, do the maiden hearts to be found in families make! They are the never-failing resource of all who require their aid, and the providence of nephews and nieces, down to the second and third generation, in all the tribulations peculiar to the imprudence of youth. They are the conscientious guardians to whom orphan girls can be confided by dying mothers, whose last hours are soothed by the certainty of how faithfully their injunctions will be fulfilled. They are the sedate chaperons to supply a mother's place, when pleasure or business calls that parent from her daughters; in short, they are, in my opinion, a comfort in every family, and should be treated with marked distinction.

The liveliness and spirit of the dialogues is well shewn in the clever dramatic sketch, which we may name

## CATCHING A HUSBAND.

"Yes, this is better, infinitely better. By Jove! you improve amazingly."

"Thanks to your instruction," observed Lady Olivia, with a glance full of gratitude. "Oh! how I should like to have fine horses," exclaimed she, with assumed enthusiasm, "and go into the stable, and see the dear noble animals fed!"

"Would you, indeed!" asked Lord Fitzwarren, his face brightening up.

"Above all things in the world," resumed the lady; "except going out hunting. That has ever been my utmost ambition, *mais, hélas!* I have no chance of such happiness!" and she sighed deeply.

"Who knows? Don't despair!" said Lord Fitzwarren.

"You must not give me false hopes, for mamma would never let me go out hunting, even if I had a horse," observed Lady Olivia. "Would you mamma?" turning to Lady Wellerby, who affected to be busily engaged reading her English letters at the other end of the room, but who was a pleased and attentive spectator of the scene in which her artful and well-schooled daughter was so cleverly enacting her part.

"Did you speak to me, Olivia?" asked the lady-mother, slowly raising her eyes from the letter she was affecting to peruse.

"Yes, mamma; I asked you if you would permit me to go out hunting."

"Go out hunting, child! An unmarried woman go out hunting? I never heard such a thing; and Lady Wellerby elevated her eyebrows, and opened her small eyes to their utmost extent, with a look of well-acted astonishment.

"You see I was right," said Lady Olivia, and she sighed profoundly. "No; such happiness is not reserved for me. I shall never be able to go out hunting," and she shook her head slowly, and looked with a melancholy expression at Lord Fitzwarren.

"Not until you are married," replied he.

"So few men are really good riders, and only such could teach their wives to ride, that I have little chance of being so fortunate as to be selected by one," and Lady Olivia sighed more deeply than ever.

"Don't despair. What wager will you bet me that before six months you are not married to a regular fox-hunter?"

"You are jesting, Lord Fitzwarren; I see you are," and the lady pouted and looked more sad than before.

"By Jove, I am not! Never was more serious in my life. I'll bet you five guineas to two; I'd make it fifty, only that I know young ladies seldom have much pocket money, and I don't want to win all yours."

"I would take your wager," said Lady Olivia, in a low voice, "only that mamma would be angry, as she never allows us to make bets."

"She need know nothing about the matter" whispered Lord Fitzwarren, "so take my wager."

"Done," said Lady Olivia; and she nodded her head knowingly, and held out her hand to him, saying, "I shall be sure to win your five guineas; for, fond as I am of horses, and much as I should like to go out hunting, I don't know a single fox-hunter that I would marry."

Lady Wellerby, on whom not a word of this discourse had been lost, and who augured the happiest result from it, was so alarmed by this unexpected speech of her daughter, that she positively started, and turned up her eyes towards the ceiling as if appealing to Heaven against the stupidity of that young lady. But Lady Olivia, who observed the movement, smiled inwardly at her own superior tact, while waiting to see what effect the *naïveté* of her declaration would have on him to whom it was addressed.

Lord Fitzwarren looked perfectly astounded and crest-fallen as he gazed inquiringly on the unconscious countenance assumed by Lady Olivia, and after a pause of a few minutes, exclaimed—"And so you don't know a single fox-hunter whom you would marry?"

"No," replied the lady.

"Then, I suppose, you would not marry me, eh?"

"But you are not a fox-hunter," said the lady, looking most innocently, "are you?"

"Why, what the devil else have you taken me for?"

"You never told me you were, and I—I—" and she cast down her eyes, and raised her handkerchief to her face, in affected confusion, to conceal, not her blushes, but her want of them.

"Well, I did not take you to be such a simpleton," said Lord Fitzwarren, his countenance brightening up, "But now you know that I am a fox-hunter—ay, and a most determined one, too—what do you say to your wager at present, eh? Come confess that you have not much chance of winning."

Lady Olivia still kept her handkerchief to her face, and seemed speechless from emotion.

"What will you give to be let off, eh? But, hang me, if I can account for your not knowing that which every one of my acquaintance is aware of, namely, that Melton has not a more thorough-going Nimrod than myself. Well, is there now a fox-hunter of your acquaintances that you would marry? Don't keep hiding your face, but say, will you have me or not?"

Lady Olivia extended her hand to him, and whispered, "Oh! I am so happy; but do ask mamma, for I am so overpowered."

*The Camp of Refuge. Knight's Weekly Volume. 2 vols. Nos. XXII. and XXIII. London, 1844.*

In the introduction to this little work the public is promised a series of "Old England Novelets." The public will have reason to be grateful if they should all equal "*The Camp of Refuge*" in merit.

We will not quote the author's objections to the term "Historical Novel," which are, perhaps, just; we will merely state his reasons for adopting the new term:—

These tales are called *Novelets*, or little novels, as much to mark their unpretending character as the brevity of their narratives; they are called "Old England Novelets," because they are intended to illustrate some leading causes of the social condition of our country in times essentially different from our own. In this point of view the novelist may be an instrument, and not an unimportant one, in advancing the study of history, properly so called.

After reading the introduction, we commenced the story (we confess it honestly) with a vague idea that it would prove, in the language of novel readers, *dry* and *uninteresting*; very well written, doubtless; very correct, very erudite—rather talented; but, nevertheless, like many other things, written expressly "for our learning," insufferably tedious, and all the more so, because we cannot laugh at them with an easy conscience, since they are too good to be really ridiculous. How agreeably we were disappointed our readers will judge when they read this stirring, animated, and exquisitely simple account of the resistance of the sturdy Saxons of East Anglia to "Duke William, the Bastard, and his thievish, cut-throat Normans."

The author seemed thoroughly versed in the lore of the old Latin chroniclers; the work commonly attributed to *INGULFARUS* must have been very useful to him; and he has succeeded in giving his story the spirit, at least, of a Saxon legendary composition of the 12th century, if not the exact form, which would be less desirable for the general reader. The style is strong, simple, and manly, with here and there quaint turns and touches of humour; there is an honest earnestness throughout which makes the reader sympathize fully in all the well-assumed Saxon prejudices, habits, and superstitions of the writer. He hates the Normans with a good sound hatred, which would have endeared him to Dr. JOHNSON; he never gives them a good word; but we are left to infer the intellectual superiority of the Norman race by many *naïve* admissions and comments.

The date of the commencement of this story is A.D. 1070; just four years after the battle of Hastings. The Saxons, who will not submit to the Norman yoke, or have been driven from their homes by these invaders, have congregated in and about "The Camp of Refuge" in the Isle of Ely, under the protection of the bold Saxon-spirited Abbot Thurstan. They determined on choosing a military leader of their own party who shall be able to cope with the best Norman captains. The person fixed on is Hereward, the young Lord of Brunn (or Bourn, in Lincolnshire), who had been deprived of his paternal estate, and had retired in disgust to the Netherlands, after seeing the shameful submission of his countrymen to the cruel Normans. Thus Hereward is induced to return partly by the entreaties of the Abbot of Ely, and the thanes and ecclesiastics who had taken refuge with him, and partly by "a gay gold ring" and a soft message sent him by his ladye love, the fair Alfrude, a Saxon heiress, who is beset by a host of Norman suitors who are

"Lords of their presence and of naught beside."

Hereward readily undertakes to do any thing that will injure or annoy the Normans. He comes to England, collects a band of Saxon men-at-arms, drives out all the Normans from the Here-country, and keeps them out—recovers his own estate and his bride, whom he marries in spite of the Normans. For the space of six years Hereward and his followers make head against the Normans. During this time there are treacherous doings among the monks of Ely. We have a very good description of the outbreak against the brave Abbot Thurstan and his patriotic friends. The disaffected monks send to the Danes for assistance against the Normans in opposition to the wishes of all wise Saxons. Knut, the son of the King of Denmark, comes readily enough to their aid—extracts all the wealth that still remains to them, pillages the country, burns and slays at discretion, and then sails off to



another part of the coast. At length, after six years, the East-Anglians became convinced that King Harold was really dead, and that there was no probability of the restoration of their Saxon kings; they were wearied and impoverished by continual warfare, and Hereward yielded to the entreaties of his friends and relatives to give up his Norman prisoners, and accept the terms of peace offered by the conqueror.

Without making invidious comparisons, we do not hesitate to say that *The Camp of Refuge* will be found more interesting to the general reader than many three-volume-novels of the historical, dramatic, metaphysical, or silver-fork school. It has certainly but a slight admixture of the grand ingredients in the composition of a popular novel—*Love and satirical sketches of contemporary politicians and lions* of all sorts—of the last indeed there is none. We have no nineteenth-century Conservative or Liberal, dandy or theorist, ill concealed in Norman or Saxon gear to serve the author as a mouth-piece of party or clique. Of love there is little, indeed too little, because what there is is so very good. It is warm, devoted, earnest, and constant, in both Hereward and his sword-bearer, but a nice distinction is made between its outward manifestation by the high-born master and the low-born serving-man.

When the young lord of Brunn came up and took the Ladie Alfrude by the hand, that noble pair walked into the grove by a path which led towards the little church. For some time their hearts were too full to allow of speech, and when they could speak no ear could hear them, and no mortal eye could see them. With Elfric and the maid Mildred it was not so. They stopped at the end of the grove, and both talked and laughed enow, though they too were silent for a short space, and stood gazing at each other.

Next he told her how ingeniously he had played the devil at Crowland, and driven away the Norman Shavelings; and at this Mildred laughed out right merrily, saying that she would like to have seen it, and yet would not like to have seen it, and asking him what sort of a vizor he had worn, and what had been his complexion as a devil. Alfric told her he would appear to her and frighten her as a devil some night soon, if she did not give him one kiss now; and so Mildred laughed a little, and blushed a little, and said nay a little, and then let the bold youth take what he asked for. It is weened and wotted by some that there had been kisses under the hood before now, but now the cucullus had given way to the cup, and there was no harm in it.

The reader is interested for this youth, "the novice Elfric," at the commencement of the story when he is introduced on a journey from the Abbey of Crowland to the dependent house or succursal cell of Spalding in the midst of the Lincolnshire fens.

The young man carried a long staff or pole in his hand, with which he aided himself in leaping across the numerous ditches and rivulets that intersected his path, and in trying the boggy ground before he ventured to set his foot on it. The upper end of his staff was fashioned like unto the staff of a pilgrim, but the lower end was armed with a heavy iron ferule, from which projected sundry long steel nails or spikes. It was a fen-pole, such, I wist, as our fenners yet use in Holland, Lindsey, and Kesteven. In a strong and bold hand this staff might be a good war weapon; and as the young man raised the skirts of his black garment it might have been seen that he had a short, broad hunting-knife fastened to his girdle. He was a fair-haired, blue-eyed, and full-lipped youth, with an open countenance and a ruddy complexion: the face seemed made to express none but joyous feelings, so that the grief and anxiety that now clouded it appeared to be quite out of place. Nor was that cloud always there; for whensoever the autumn sun shone out brightly, and some opening in the monotonous forest of willows and elders gave him a pleasant or a varied prospect—or when the bright kingfisher flitted across his path, or the wild duck rose from the fen and flew heavenward, or the heron raised itself on its long legs to look at him from the sludge, or the timid cygnet went sailing away in quest of the parent swan—his countenance lighted up like that of a happy, thoughtless boy. Ever and anon some inward emotion made him chuckle and laugh outright.

The superior of a Saxon monastery is thus taught the doctrine that

They should get who have the power,  
And they should keep who can.

Ivo de Taillebois was not naturally a man of many words; and thinking it best to cut the discussion short, he grinned a grim grin, and said, in a calm and businesslike tone of voice—"Saxon! we did not conquer thy country to leave Saxons possessed of its fruits. This house and these wide domains are much too good for thee and thine: I want them, and long have

wanted them to bestow on others. Wot ye not that I have beyond the sea one brother and three cousins, who have taken to thy calling; that in Normandie, Anjou, and Maine, are many of my kindred and friends, who wear hoods, and look to me for provision and establishment in this land of ignorance and heresy, where none of your home-dwelling Saxon monks know how to make the tonsure in the right shape?

It is consoling to the pride of Old England to see the following, which is doubtless true in a certain sense—much more true than is commonly supposed; although we presume the author, *in propria persona*, would not for a moment deny the superiority of the architecture introduced into this island from France.

Theoretical and fabulous are the tales of those who say that the Saxons had no majestic architecture; that their churches, and abbeys, and monasteries were built almost entirely of wood, without arches or columns, without aisles or cloisters; and that there was no grandeur or beauty in the edifices of England until after the Norman conquest. The abbey built at Ely by the Saxon Bishop Ethelwald was a stately stone edifice; vast in its dimensions, and richly ornamented in its details. Round-headed arches rested upon rows of massive columns; the roof of the church and the roof of the great hall of the abbey were arched and towering; and high above all a tower and steeple shot into the air, to serve as a land-mark throughout the flat fenny country, and a guide to such as might lose themselves among the meres and the labyrinths of the willow forests.

The large appetites of our Saxon ancestors are not passed over unregarded. The Normans are despised by them as puny eaters. As to the Danes, all the world knows that their drinking powers were, and still are, prodigious. We are told that in those days, "in the drinking of some wine and strong drinks, if other nations marvelled at the Saxons, the Saxons themselves marvelled at the Danes." The following account of the feasting of the monks of Ely is a good specimen of the author's power of adorning a subject. The admirers of *UDR* or *SOYER* will doubtless appreciate the *gusto* and relish with which it is written:—

The feast in the hall was as magnificent as any that had been given there to King Canute, or even to any that had been given in the happy days of King Edward the Confessor; and the appetites of the company assembled were worthy of the best times. Fish, flesh, and fowl, and pasties of venison—nothing was wanted. The patrimony of Saint Etheldreda, the lands and waters appertaining unto the abbey, and administered by the bountiful abbot, furnished the best portions of the feast. Were there in the world such eels and eel-pots as were taken in the Ouse and Cam, close under the walls of the abbey? Three thousand eels, by ancient compact, do the monks of Rumsey pay every Lent to the monks of Peterborough for leave to quarry in a quarry appertaining to Peterborough abbey; but the house of Ely might have paid ten times three thousand eels and not have missed them; so plenty were they, and eke so good! The fame of these eels was known in far countries; be sure they were not wanting on this Saint Edmund's day. The streams, too, abounded with pike, large and fit for roasting, with puddings in their bellies; and the meres stagnating waters swarmed with tench and carp proper for stewing. Ten expert hands attended to these fresh-water fisheries, and kept the abbot's stews, and the stews of the house constantly filled with fish. It is said by an ancient historian, that here in the fenny country is such vast store of fish as astonishes strangers; for which the inhabitants laugh at them: nor is there less plenty of water-fowl: and for a single halfpenny five men may have enough of either not only to stay their stomachs, but for a full meal! Judge, then, if my Lord Abbot were well provided. It was allowed on all sides that, for the lenten season, and for all those fast days of the church when meat was not to be eaten, no community in the land was so well furnished as the monks of Ely; and that their fish-fasts were feasts. While the brethren of other houses grew thin in Quaragesima, the monks of Ely grew fat. Other communities might do well in roast meats and baked meats; but for a fish dinner—for a banquet in Lent, there was not in the land any thing to compare with the dinners at Ely! Nor was there lack of the fish that swim the salt sea, or of the shell-fish that are taken on the sea-coast, or of the finny tribes that come up the river to spawn; the fishermen of Lynn were very devout to St. Etheldreda, and made a good penny by supplying the monks; they ascended the Ouse with the best of their sea-fish in their boats, and with every fish that was in season, or that they knew how to take. And so at this late November festival there were skaites, and plaice, sturgeon and porpoises, oysters and cockles spread before my Lord Abbat's table. Of the sheep and beves

we speak not; all men know the richness of the pasture that springs up from the annually inundated meadows, and the bounty of the nibbling crop that grows on the upland slopes, with the wild thyme and the other savoury herbs that turn mutton into venison. Of the wild boars of the forest and fen only the hure or head was served up in this *aula magna*, the inferior parts being kept below for the use of the lay brothers and hinds, or to be distributed by the hospitaller to the humbler degrees of pilgrims and strangers, or to be doled out to the poor of the town of Ely;—for wot ye, when the Lord Abbat Thurstan feasted in Ely none fasted there: no! not the poorest palmer that ever put cockle-shell in his cap, or took the pilgrim's staff in his hand to visit the blessed shrine of Saint Ethelreda! Of the wild buck, though less abundant in this fenny country than the boar, nought was served up for my Lord Abbat and his own particular guests except the tender succulent haunch; the lay brothers and the loaf-eaters of the house, and the poor pilgrims and the poor of the town got all the rest. The fat fowls of Norfolk, the capons of Caen, in Normandie, and the paveni or peacocks, that first came from Italie, a present from the *Legatus a latere* of his holiness the Pope, were kept and fattened in my Lord Abbat's farm-yard; and well did his coquinarius know how to cook them! To the wild fowl there was no end, and Elfric, our bold novice, the son of Goodman Hugh, who dwelt by Saint Ovin's Cross, hard by the village of Hadenham, and who had been a fen-fowler from his youth, could have told you how facile it was to ensnare the crane and the heron, the wild duck and teal, and the eccentric and most savoury snipe. Well, we ween, before men cut down the covering woods, and drained the marshes, and brought too many people into the fens, and too many great ships up the rivers, the wholeland of Saint Ethelreda was like one great larder; and my Lord Abbat had only to say, "Go forth and take for me so many fowl, or fish, or boars," and it was done. It is an antique and venerable proverb, that which sayeth good eating demands good drinking. The country of the fens was not productive of good apple-trees; and the ale and beer that were drunk in the house, and the mead and idromel likewise, were brought from Norfolk and other neighbouring countries; but the abbat, and the officials, and the cloister monks drank better wine than apple-wine, better drink than mead or than pigment, for they drank of the juices of the generous vine which Noah planted on the first dry hill-side he found. The monks of Glastonbury and Waltham, and of many other houses of the first reputation, cultivated the grape on their own soil, where it seldom would ripen, and drank English grape-wine much too sour and poor. Not so our lordly monks of Ely! They sent the shipmen of Lynn to the Elbe, to the Rhine, and to the Mosel, to bring them more generous drink; and they sent them to the south even as far as Gasconie and Espaign for the ruby wine expressed from the grapes which grow in the sunniest clime. In the good times four keels—two from the German Ocean and two from the Gulf of Biscaye—steered every year through the sand-banks of the Wash to Lynn, and from Lynn up the Ouse even unto Ely, where the tuns were landed and deposited in the cellars of the abbey under the charge of the sub-cellarer, a lay brother from foreign parts, who had been a vintner in his youth.

The description of Kraut's ship is enough to make the reader's eye glisten—it is so full of barbarous magnificence.

The royal ship was rich and splendid; it had thirty benches of rowers; its prow was adorned with a dragon's head, the eyes of which were precious stones, and the tongue of red gold; and the sides and the stern of the ship glowed with burnished gold. The whole body of the ship glittered in the sun like some great and marvellous fish, or some swimming dragon; and in sooth the whole ship was dragon-shaped. The masts and the cordage and the sails were surpassing rich and gay; the masts were covered with ivory and pearl, the cords seemed to be covered with white silk, and the sails were of many and bright colours. There were cloths of gold spread all about, and the flag that waved at the main-mast head was all of silk and gold; and the windlass and the rudder were bepaned with blue and gold. And on board this right royal ship every warrior wore bright steel chain armour, and carried a shield and battle-axe inlaid with gold and jewels, and each of value enough to purchase a hide of land.

We have only space for two more extracts, which will serve to shew how the Saxon influence predominated over the Norman in our language, laws, and institutions.

Perhaps Ivo had not been altogether a cruel husband, or it may be that the two children she had borne unto him carried a great weight in his favour, in the mind and heart of Lucia, who, certes, had long been very anxious for the liberation and return of her French husband. Some good Saxons at the time thought that this was un-Saxonlike, and mean and wicked in the fair-heiress of Spalding; but there were many young dames, and not a few Saxon dames, who could hardly be called young, who felt much

as the Ladia Lucia felt about their Norman husbands. But go and read the story of old Rome about the Sabine women! Nay, go and read the evangil, which tells how the wife will give up every thing for her husband. And, *crede mihi*, these womanly affections and instincts helped more than anything else to make disappear the distinction between the conquering and the conquered race.

"Elfric," said the Lord Hereward, "the great stream of our old Saxon blood is fast absorbing the less stream of Norman blood, and so will it continue to do. The children of Normans being born in England, and suckled by Saxon nurses, will cease to be Normans. All men seek to keep that which they have gotten, and as our old Saxon laws are far more free than those of France, and give more security for life and goods, and oppose a stronger barrier to the tyranny of princes, the Normans that now live among us, or their sons that shall succeed them, will, for their own sakes, cling to our old laws, and help the chiefs and the great body of the English people to make the spirit of them to be enduring in the land."

It is common to suppose, that what may be had for nothing is worth nothing; we advise our readers not to apply this proverb to *The Camp of Refuge*, when they hear that its two volumes are sold at a shilling each.

*Rodenhurst; or, the Church and the Manor.* By E. M. S. In 3 vols. London, 1845. Mortimer.

MORE than once we have had occasion to express our aversion to the class of fictions to which this belongs—the controversial novel—whose design it is, under the guise of a narrative, to advance an opinion, and this, not by argument, fair or unfair, but by prejudicing the reader's mind in favour of the writer's dogmas, through the easy process of painting as almost angelic the personages introduced as holding those dogmas, and as little better than fiends the people on the other side. This is the malignant purpose of *Rodenhurst*—a purpose that could be formed only by a heart originally and essentially deformed, and executed by an intellect naturally narrow, and still further contracted by bad education, a feeble conscience, and fierce passions.

And this is one of the works which it is sought to palm upon the public as an emanation from YOUNG ENGLAND; another proof of the necessity for some such organ as THE CRITIC, which shall not only represent the *real* views of YOUNG ENGLAND, but keep vigilant watch and ward to arrest and expose the impostors who are continually going about with forged passports, and whose crude, or wild, or wicked projects, issued as those of YOUNG ENGLAND, are at once accepted by our opponents as such, forthwith affixed to the whole party, and upon them is erected a battery of mingled argument and abuse, tending to discredit, in the eyes of the world, those who not only have no connection with the folly derided, but who would heartily join in ridiculing and putting down its pretensions.

So here is *Rodenhurst*, called in the newspapers a production of YOUNG ENGLAND, the writer of which evidently wishes to be deemed as one of us, and not unlikely thinking that he, or she, does express our opinions. Heaven forbid that we should be judged by *Rodenhurst*! for if that be a correct portraiture of our principles and policy, the sooner we are extinguished as a party, the sooner we are individually banished from the exercise of influence over the public mind through the press, the better for the peace and progress of society, the more for the honour of human nature. Believe us, it is not so. *Rodenhurst* is not a reflection of YOUNG ENGLAND. Indignantly and instantly do we disown and repudiate the deformed and disgusting changeling which is attempted to be imposed upon us.

Protesting, therefore, against the pretence of *Rodenhurst* to belong to YOUNG ENGLAND, and expressing our detestation of the entire class of novels of which it is a most detestable specimen, we proceed to review its merits as a composition.

And here we must speak of it with more respect. Barring its theological and political dogmas, its lame arguments, its absurd partialities, its abuse of whatever differs in opinion from the writer, its violation of probability in the portraiture of characters, compelled by the necessity of making them answer to the malignant purpose of the author, *Rodenhurst* may be deemed a *respectable* romance. It exhibits many of the qualifications required for fiction, and it is written in an easy graphic style, to which energy is given by the strong sympathies and antipathies of the author. Moreover, he possesses



no trifling power of imagination, and his conceptions are so vivid, that he is enabled to convey them with the minute accuracy of one who describes what he has actually seen. There is life and motion in these pages. However odious for the reasons we have named, the romance is readable, *as such*; it rouses an interest which is not permitted to flag, and the very strength of the writer's prejudices helps this effect, for it gives earnestness and the glow of passion to pages which, wanting these, would have been flat as a mere narrative.

*Rodenhurst* is a story of the reign of George the Second, and introduces the two parties who then divided the country; the Jacobites, hostile to the Revolution of '88, and not without hope to restore the ancient order of things in the throne, in the church, and in the state; and the friends of the Revolution, firmly attached to the existing monarchy; the latter, though called Whigs, being the Conservatives of that day; and the former, though called Tories, the Destructives. The feuds growing out of these dissensions are the materials from which the plot of *Rodenhurst* is woven, and they afford to the author abundant opportunity for indulging his hatred of the one party and his veneration for the other. The Jacobites, one and all, are portrayed with a flattering touch that will admit of no defect. Their principles are extolled, their public and private virtues are set forth in glowing colours, and times by-gone are never alluded to but in tones that intimate how much better and happier were the middle ages than that which has succeeded. On the other hand, the Conservatives of that day, the friends and supporters of the existing order of things, are represented in every black and odious hue. No one virtue is permitted to belong to them; they are bad citizens, bad fathers, bad husbands, bad masters: rogues all, without a redeeming trait. It is of this partiality we complain, and we should equally protest against it whatever the persons or opinions so misrepresented. It is in bad taste in any book. In a novel, which is, or ought to be, or at least professes to be, a transcript of actual life, it is altogether unpardonable, for it is a sin against the truth of nature, which spreads virtues and faults, her good men and her villains, with very impartial hand throughout the human race, without the slightest regard for party or sect.

It will not be necessary to state the outline of the story, which opens with a graphic description of a fox-hunt at the seat of one of the Jacobite leaders in Staffordshire, in which the fox is attired in a red coat, signifying the Hanoverian dynasty, and the dogs are decorated with tartan ribbons, to indicate partisans of the Stuarts. From this the tendency of the entire work may be gathered. The noblemen and gentlemen collected on this occasion are the prime movers of the plot developed in the subsequent pages. They are, of course, all "honourable men," having the best of hearts and the brightest of intellects; and they are made to contrast in a striking manner with Sir Andrew Luntley, a conservative supporter of the existing government, and equally, of course, a desperate villain, who has defrauded the heroine, Sybil Mandeville, of her estate; and his intrigues and crimes to keep his prey are the main springs of the romance.

In the working out of the plot the author has shewn some talent. Here and there he succeeds in catching a spark of the principles of *YOUNG ENGLAND*; but it so soon becomes disguised and deformed in his hands, that it loses all likeness to its parent flame. The author talks largely about liberty, his notions of it being the liberty of carrying back the Church of England to Rome, and of exterminating Methodists and Dissenters; and he professes great regard for the poor, but it extends only to such care as he would shew for his dogs and horses—feeding them well, but keeping them, mind and body, in abject subjection. That is not genuine Young Englandism, whatever E. M. S. may think. *YOUNG ENGLAND* seeks to raise the lower classes to the *status* of men, and not to depress them to the condition of brutes.

Then there is an offensive and anti-Christian tone when speaking of those who differ from him in religious opinion, altogether at variance with the tolerant and liberal spirit of *YOUNG ENGLAND*. Disgusting and disgraceful is the insinuation conveyed in the following sentence:—

Nor is the neighbouring county of B—— in a better state; to say that man or woman comes from the town of W—— in that county, is held by the other inhabitants of the shire as equivalent to a declaration that the woman is licentious, and the man

a thief; yet in that town are three Methodist chapels to one church. To such a condition has the Sectarian and the Whig at last succeeded in reducing the once noble and virtuous people of England.

But we have said enough to justify the anxiety with which we have hastened to enter our indignant and emphatic protest against the acception of *Rodenhurst* as a voice from *YOUNG ENGLAND*. If we were what the author would represent us; if we could hold such doctrines as he would impose upon us; if we in ought resembled the picture he has drawn; if we could submit for a single hour to stand silently under the load of such an imputation as he has thrown upon us; we should deserve to lose all credit with the public, and to be hunted out of society as charlatans and impostors—wolves in sheep's clothing, who come to steal away men's hearts with liberal promises, entertaining all the while the most despotic intentions.

We cannot recommend this wicked work to any library or any reader.

#### POETRY AND THE DRAMA.

*Saul: a Dramatic Sketch. Josephine to Napoleon; with other Poems and Translations.* London, 1844. Kimpton.

THE history of SAUL is not a subject for the drama. It wants variety of incident, and, above all, it is deficient in that which, however we may despise it, really appears to be essential to the interest of a play,—the presence of woman and the agency of love. SAUL is, indeed, the embodiment of no strong passion, nor can the art of the poet throw aught of such into his character, or into any of the subordinate agents, without so far violating the truth of history that the drama would be distasteful on that account. This is not the first attempt to dramatize the story of SAUL, and therefore it is not the first failure. Nor do we think it likely that any hereafter will be more successful. The poet now under review is evidently possessed of natural capacities and acquired graces for investing his theme with attractions, and yet he fails to please, because there is nothing in his subject to call out the powers of an author, or to rivet the attention of a reader. His thoughts, if they never soar very high, never fall to the level of the prosaic; the composition is mechanically good, exhibiting a pleasing flow of rhythm, which may not improbably have lulled, as it often does, the critical reader into a sort of slumberous calm, in which state his attention is not so riveted upon the ideas as upon the words, and the melodious fall of the latter upon his ear is mistaken for the influence of the former.

Perhaps hence it is that, though pleased with SAUL as we read, we closed it without having scored a single passage as claiming special notice for its originality and poetry, and it was not until we had arrived almost at the end of the volume that, among the minor poems appended to the drama, we lighted upon two which we could venture to lay before our readers as specimens of the author's powers. Here they are.

#### STANZAS

SUGGESTED BY A LADY'S SEAL.

WEARY of shooting hearts, one day  
Cupid laid by his bow and arrow;  
And started with his spoils away,  
To hawk them in his little barrow.  
"Here turn your eyes," the urchin cries,  
"Ripe hearts—sweet hearts—who buys, who buys?"

"I've every kind: the simple—sly—  
The rake, the prude,—the grave, the witty,—  
In this one rapture's pulse beats high,  
This throbs with mirth, and that with pity;  
I've young, and old—the coy, the bold—  
And some which seem, but are not, cold.

"See this poor little fluttering thing,  
With the first touch of love 'tis throbbing;  
Alas! the bee has left its sting,  
While she the honey-bag was robbing;  
But wisdom's nought, unless 'tis bought;  
Nor this the first whom love has taught.

"To pretty Kate belongs this heart,  
The veriest weather-cock of fashion :  
And this to Rose, a flirt by art,  
Whom nature only meant for passion :  
Capricious both, yet nothing loth—  
To marry I would risk an oath.

"This held me many a weary day  
In chase, before I overcame it ;  
It was so light, so full of play,  
The merry elf, no love could tame it :  
So archly wild the maiden smiled,  
I thought it was my mother's child.

"Here's love enough : first, love of self,  
Then love of dress—of rank and station ;  
With some slight love for worldly self,  
Some little too for admiration ;  
Beshrew my heart, this loving heart,  
Had almost turned my sharpest dart.

"Placid as if its passions slept,  
And all its pulses calm and even,  
You scarce would think in this was kept  
One valve for earth as well as Heaven :  
Nay, have a care, forewarned, beware ;  
You'll wake a lurking devil there.

"Ah ! here's a heart of hearts, in sooth,  
Whose happy spirits never vary ;  
Mirth, innocence, affection, truth,  
Unite in thine, my guileless Mary ;  
And were I free, I'd make of thee,  
For love, another deity."

Thus through the streets the urchin rolled  
His wares, still crying, "Will you buy them ?"  
Till every heart he had was sold ;  
Nor staid to see who purchased try them.  
But at his craft he slyly laughed,  
And then resumed his bow and shaft.

And this, which will exercise the ingenuity of our readers.

#### ENIGMA.

I'm reckoned only fifty—yet for centuries have been  
In every place, in every clime, among the living seen.  
Mute, though incessantly in talk, I give to silence sound,  
And single 'tis my fate to be, whilst fast in wedlock bound.  
The learned place me at their head, although unknown to  
fame,  
And eloquence itself delights to sound abroad my name.

Though plunged in guilt, the tenant of a prison's gloomy cell ;  
Yet twice invoked, my potent aid concludes the Wizard's  
spell :

I ride upon the whirlwind—point the lightning through the  
storm,  
And mine the power, with but a word, another world to form.  
I, too, alone can kindle fame, and what, indeed, is odd,  
The veriest miser can prevent from making gold his God.

I usher in the morning light, yet shun the face of day ;  
A stranger to the voice of mirth, yet join in every play.  
The fabled liquid I, with which poor Tantalus was curs'd,  
For in the proffered goblet seen, I mock the wretch's thirst.  
The rich secure me for their wealth, the cunning for their  
wiles !

And reft of me, ah ! changed how soon were beauty's sweetest  
smiles.

I lurk within the brilliant glance that flashes from her eye—  
Rest on her ruby lip—and in her laughing dimples lie—  
I breathe the first soft sound of love in the maiden's willing  
ear,

And mingle in the rising blush which tells that love is dear.  
I lead the laugh, I swell the glee amid the festal-hall,  
But a truant from the banquet, and a laggard in the ball.

First in the martial lists I rode, with mail, and lance, and  
shield ;

And foremost of the line I charge upon the battle-field ;  
And yet though ranked among the bold, I scarcely join the  
fight,  
When, foul disgrace to knighthood's race, I turn at once to  
flight.

From greatness thus removed, I make companionship with  
evil ;

And, in your ear a word, maintain alliance with the devil.

Upon the whole, we can only say of this volume that  
it is one of those most perplexing compositions which,  
preserving the level of a respectable mediocrity, permits

nothing to be said in censure, and but little in its  
praise.

#### PERIODICALS.

WE have received a large parcel of Periodicals, to all of which  
we are desirous of giving such welcome as other more impor-  
tant claims upon our columns will permit. On this, as on  
future occasions, whosoever honours us with a call shall receive a  
friendly greeting, however brief. The beginning of the year  
always introduces a number of new candidates for public  
favour, and since the wider the choice, the greater the chance  
of procuring real novelty and excellence, and as each new  
comer at least *intends* to improve upon its predecessors or to  
occupy some vacant post in the wide field of literature, we  
begin with the strangers, of whom we have upon our table no  
less than *six*. The first we open comes to us from America,  
and is entitled,

*The American Review : a Whig Journal of Politics, Literature, Art, and Science.* No. I. January 1845. Wiley and  
Putnam, London and New York.

THIS periodical is intended to be the organ of the Whig party  
in the United States, which has recently incurred so unexpected  
a reverse in the defeat of their candidate for the Presidency, Mr.  
CLAY. It is printed in double columns, like Blackwood, and,  
though termed a review, partakes much more of the character  
of a magazine. The subjects treated of in this number are  
various and interesting, most of them being tinged, more or  
less, with the party views of the writers. The characteristic  
feature is an aversion to democracy, or rather to the democratic  
party for there is a great profession of respect for republican  
principles, democracy being, according to the reviewers, good  
or bad, accordingly as it exalts or depresses their own party.  
Most of the articles are so tinged with partizanship as to  
detract much from their value to English readers who  
cannot enter into squabbles which appear to them very  
like the corporation contests of a provincial town. But  
when the writers depart from this narrow field, and wander in  
the broad highway of literature, they exhibit a sound taste and  
an impartiality of judgment which might worthily be imitated  
by some of our own critics. This is exemplified in the article  
on Miss Barrett's Poems, with which we were much pleased.  
The original poetry is respectable common-place, and contrasts  
strikingly with the bold flights of the British poetess.

*Parker's London Magazine.* No. I. for January. London,  
J. W. Parker.

THIS is a continuation of the *Saturday Magazine*, but of a  
higher class, advancing from the mere narrative to the didactic  
and the reflective. We hope it is to be received as evidence that  
the readers of the penny journal have so profited by its teachings,  
that they have stepped beyond the child's task of forming an ac-  
quaintance with *things* to desire intercourse with *thoughts*. The  
*London Magazine* is marked by a more earnest and profound  
spirit than its predecessor. It has a distinct purpose, to inculcate  
"Reverence for the Church and Loyalty to the Queen." In  
many particulars it adopts the doctrines of YOUNG ENGLAND,  
and promises to aid us in the work of cultivating a kindlier in-  
tercourse between rich and poor, reforming the repulsive social  
exclusiveness that has grown up of late years ; elevating MAN  
in his own and the world's esteem, and encouraging the diffu-  
sion among the people of the pleasures of taste coincident with  
the practice of piety. This first number gives good promise  
of a valuable auxiliary in the cause. The introductory article  
on Rich and Poor indicates the relative duties to be observed  
by these classes so widely severed. The writer describes  
vividly the social ills, and his remedy for them is THE CHURCH.  
"Music at Home" describes one delightful and wholesome  
source of happiness, hitherto shamefully neglected in this coun-  
try. Lord JOHN MANNERS and the Rev. H. ALFORD have  
contributed some poems ; the clergyman, however, promising  
a better poet than the lord ; and so we present him to our  
readers, for in the republic of letters Genius is the only recog-  
nized nobility.

#### BALLAD.

BY THE REV. HENRY ALFORD, M.A.

Rise, sons of merry England, from mountain and from plain ;—  
Let each light up his spirit, let none unmoved remain ;  
The morning is before you, and glorious is the sun ;  
Rise up, and do your blessed work before the day be done.



'Come help us, come and help us,'—from the valley and the hill  
To the ear of God in heaven are the cries ascending still:  
The soul that wanteth knowledge, the flesh that wanteth food;—  
Arise, ye sons of England, go about doing good.

Your hundreds and your thousands at usage and in purse,  
Behold a safe investment which shall bless and never curse!  
O who would spend for house or land, if he might but from above  
Draw down the sweet and holy dew of happiness and love?

Pour out upon the needy ones the soft and healing balm,  
The storm hath not arisen yet—ye yet may keep the calm:  
Already mounts the darkness,—the warning wind is loud;  
But ye may seek your fathers' God, and pray away the cloud.

Go throng our ancient churches, and on the holy floor  
Kneel humbly in your penitence among the kneeling poor;  
Cry out at morn and even, and amid the busy day,  
'Spare, spare, O Lord, thy people;—O cast us not away.'

Hush down the sounds of quarrel, let party names alone,—  
Let brother join with brother, and England claim her own.  
In battle with the Mammon-host join peasant, clerk and lord:  
Sweet charity your banner-flag, and GOD FOR ALL your word.

*Douglas Jerrold's Shilling Magazine.* No. I. January.  
Punch Office.

A new periodical needs a distinctive character, or it cannot thrive. This Douglas Jerrold's Magazine certainly presents. In shape it is unlike any of its competitors, being a convenient duodecimo; and in substance it aims at the *useful*, in the YOUNG ENGLAND meaning of that much-abused term. The address announces a *defined purpose*, by which only, as it is truly observed, the sympathies of the world are to be engaged, and its support ensured: that purpose is "a consideration of the social wants and rightful claims of the people," and to procure "a more equitable allotment of the good provided for all men." Narrative and essay, fact and fiction, are employed for the furtherance of these objects. The first paper is the commencement of a powerfully written novel from the pen of the editor, entitled "The History of St. Giles and St. James," intended, we presume, to describe the effects upon the human character of the extremes of wealth and poverty, as shewn in the careers of two children born on the same night, the one in the street in St. Giles', the other in a palace in St. James'. The progress of this story will be looked for with eagerness. The other articles are numerous, well selected, and well written. "Shadows of coming Events," is an idea caught from Boz. "The Finery of War," is intended to exhibit the hollowness of martial pomp and glory, but without sufficient allowance for the animal propensity that forms the unavowed propeller of national quarrels. "Recollections of Hazlitt," are not written in a good spirit, and we regret that they should have found currency in pages likely to be so widely diffused as these. Altogether, we look upon Douglas Jerrold's Magazine as the most promising, healthy, and likely to live, of the new adventures of the new year.

*George Cruikshank's Table Book.* Edited by GILBERT A'BECKETT. No. I. for January.

THE claims of this new magazine to public patronage must rest, we fear, entirely upon the pictorial embellishments; the typographical contents, albeit produced under the superintendence of so skilful a writer and able an editor as Mr. A'Beckett, being unworthy of him or of the artist whose fertile and clever pencil is devoted to these illustrations. But this defect is more than compensated by the excellence of GEORGE CRUIKSHANK'S portion of the performance. Here he has surpassed himself. The "Triumph of Cupid" is a very miracle of imagination. The artist is seated before his fire, pipe in mouth. Round him circles the procession of Love, the ladies leading the way, the gentlemen dragged captive, chained to the chariot of the triumphant god. Every age and class and calling has here its representative; and to complete the humorous scene, multitudes of little cupids are flitting about, engaged in various characteristic occupations; one bestrides the shoulders of old Time, who bears the dial on the mantle-piece, while three others try to pull him backwards; one strikes with his dart a poor kneeling blind beggar, another belabours a boxer, who has fallen to the ground; another sits upon the artist's foot, and toasts a heart by the grate; the fire-irons assume grotesque shapes, and grin from their face-like knobs: from the midst of the devouring flames a laughing countenance looks out. In short, we should doubt whether

within the same compass so much humour was ever compressed by artist before. It requires a good half-hour's inspection to be enjoyed. This alone is worth five times the cost of the entire number; and there are many others besides, only inferior in merit to this, but vastly superior to anything that any other living artist could produce. There is not a drawing-room that will not be adorned by "Cruikshank's Table Book."

*The Novel Times.*—Part I. Office, 12, Wellington-street North.

THE design of this new periodical is excellent. It purposes to present a collection of original works of fiction, by the best English writers, together with translations of the best foreign publications, either of travels or fiction, at a price so trifling, that it shall be almost cheaper to buy than to borrow. The first part contains a portion of two works; of a novel, entitled *Things Old and New*, by the author of the *Subaltern*; and of a translation, by the author of *Caleb Stukely*, of the Countess HAHN HAHN'S *Letters from the Orient*. We are unwilling to pass an opinion upon an incomplete novel; when the whole is before us, it shall have our impartial judgment; in the meanwhile, we may say of it, that so far as it has yet proceeded, it promises well, and excites the interest of the reader. The translation of one of the most graphic and lively of modern tourists is executed with fidelity and spirit. To this we may return, when a larger portion of it shall justify a separate notice. *The Novel Times* is an experiment that deserves to prosper, and we believe that it will prove successful.

*The Modern Orator; being a Collection of celebrated Speeches of the most distinguished Orators of the United Kingdom.* Part I. January. London: Aylott and Jones.

IT is surprising that a publication similar to this has not been before attempted, for it can scarcely fail to find extensive support. This first part contains some of the speeches of the Earl of CHATHAM, and how refreshing are they after the namby-pamby that burdens the columns of our daily newspapers. Let us submit to the proprietors of this excellent design a few hints. They should make it weekly instead of monthly, or the work will not be completed within a reasonable period. They should reduce the price to threepence, or they will not command an extensive sale. This they can well afford to do, considering that they pay nothing for copyright. By these means they will, in the end, profit more than by their present plan and price.

We turn now to old acquaintances, whom we must greet more briefly, not because they have less merit, but because their merits are already known to our readers, and need not to be again investigated and set forth. We begin with

*The New Quarterly Review; or, Home, Foreign, and Colonial Journal.* No. IX. Parker.

THIS review made a great stir on its first appearance, because it contained articles on Commercial Policy, understood to be written by Mr. GLADSTONE, the President of the Board of Trade. The inconvenient use made of his arguments and admissions probably deterred the right honourable gentleman from continuing his contributions, and thereupon the *Review* changed hands. But it could not be in better keeping than its present conductors, as the present number abundantly proves. To our readers the most interesting paper will be that on YOUNG ENGLAND, written in a confiding and generous spirit, setting forth with enthusiasm the high destiny that is before us, and with candour the difficulties and dangers that will beset our path. Every word of this eloquent essay we recommend to perusal. The tone of it may be gathered from the conclusion, which we accept in the spirit in which it is proffered.

We have endeavoured, in the course of this article, to sketch out some of the objects we think it should have in view: we cannot conclude it better than by summing up those to which we attach most importance. As regards legislation, let us see them placing taxation on its proper basis—burdening the rich, relieving the poor; let us see them mitigating the harshness of the Poor-Law, and subjecting it to the gentle precepts of Christianity; let them vindicate, on all occasions,—such, for instance, as Lord Powis's Bill—the independence and rights of the Church; let them, on the momentous question of Home Colonization, further any scheme which shall save the rights

of the poor, while it increases the cultivation of the land. With respect to Ireland, let them remove whatever religious or civil difficulties yet remain in the way of a full arrangement of that great question. Let them do these things; and on all questions which may be brought before Parliament, let them take a high, manly, and generous tone,—not resolving all considerations into a sum of arithmetic, but giving to the nation credit for a noble and magnanimous spirit; but above all, let them remember that although wise reforms and salutary enactments may do much to remove abuses, and to mitigate distress, their duty ends not in them: the temper and disposition of a people are yet more important than their laws—and those it is theirs in a thousand ways to mould and to elevate:—

"How small of all that human hearts endure  
The part which Kings or Laws can cause or cure!"

They have already done somewhat: they have shaken the inveterate prejudices of wealth and rank; they have preached, like Mr. Smythe in his "Historic Fancies," to the great, their responsibilities; to the poor, their dignity:—they have discovered the requirements of the time: they have now to supply them. Let it not be said that having eyes to see, they lacked heart to do,—having skill to understand, they wanted energy to prosecute. There is no holiday task, no boudoir recreation, but work for stalwart men; work, laborious, and it may be, long-continued, but cheered by a consciousness of right, and lightened by the encouragement of a people. If they falter or decline from the high though bright path they have entered on,—if indolence or vexation, ambition or disgust, seduce them from their task, sudden and melancholy will be their fall. But let them persevere,—let Faith and Loyalty guide their steps and nerve their hearts, and ere long, they may depend upon it, the faithful and loyal English people will rally round the banner they have planted; and they will have the glorious happiness of thinking that in an age of doubt, and compromise, and irreverence, they fought, and fought successfully, for the rights of the Church, the privileges of the Peers, the prerogatives of the Crown, and the welfare of the Commons of England!

The other articles deserving special note are, an elaborate review of the *Despatches of the Duke of Wellington*; a paper on living English poetesses, itself full of poetry; a delightful and instructive essay on "Sacred and Service Music;" a sketch of "Rabelais and his Times;" and a retrospect of the currency measures of Sir ROBERT PEEL. There are many shorter notices of books, and a collection of foreign literary intelligence.

*The Classical Museum.* No. VI. Taylor and Walton.

IN our notice of the former number of this periodical, we described its plan and its peculiar claims upon the patronage of the student. This new number fully sustains the reputation of its predecessors. The most curious of its contents, and that which will most interest the general reader, is a very learned essay by Mr. G. H. LEWES, on the question, "Was dancing an element of the Greek chorus?" A paper on "English Grammars" will also repay perusal.

*The Dublin University Magazine* for January. Curry and Co. THIS magazine has not unfitly been called "the Irish Blackwood," for it almost rivals in ability its Scotch brother. The new year is opened in great force with more really entertaining matter than we are wont to find in a magazine. In fiction, there is the first of a series, entitled "Tales of the Trains;" of reviews there are two or three; in literature, a delightful essay on "Robert Burns," a rhapsody "On the Nightmare," borrowed, we suspect, from the German, and another batch of the admirable translations of German lyrics, which we have before noticed. Mrs. JAMES GRAY has contributed the last of her very fine and poetical "Sketches from the Antique." We cannot refrain from borrowing one of them.

NIÖBE.

Upon the mountain's ample brow  
The mother with her children stands!  
They gaze upon the scene below,  
The rocky wastes, the cultured lands.  
Young eyes delighted, wander wide  
O'er hill, and dale, and orchard fair;  
Hers bath a more concentrate pride;  
Her treasures are beside her there.  
From babyhood to youth's bright glow,  
From infant's grace to woman's charms,  
She sees them gamble round her now,  
The youngest nestling in her arms.

Forgive her, Gods! if mother love  
Hath swelled too near immortal pride;—  
Forgive her, if your joys above  
She hath disparaged or decried.

Unshadowed yet by cares or fears,  
That morning on the rocky mount,  
Seven hardy boys of varying years,  
Seven lovely girls her heart can count.  
She does not mark the rising cloud  
Afar the horizon's light deform;  
She dreams not that its murky shroud  
Veileth for her a fatal storm.

It glooms, it bursts, a tempest wild;—  
The frightened shepherds of the plain  
Thought not of such this morning mild,  
Such sudden storm, such bursting rain.  
To them 'tis but a fearful hour  
Of summer thunder; but that stir  
The matron knows enfolds the power  
Of vengeful gods, let loose on her.

What others deem the lightning's flash,  
In fiery arrows round her flies—  
She heareth in the thunder-crash  
The laugh of mocking deities;  
And round her falls that clustering group,  
Like leaves shorn sudden by the wind;  
She cannot shriek—she scarce can stoop  
To such o'erwhelming woe her mind.

But when the infant near her heart  
Dies with a low convulsive wail,  
Then do her arms asunder start—  
Then back she rends her flowing veil.  
"One arrow more! one other dart  
In mercy through this naked breast;  
So with the loved shall I depart,  
And sudden grief have sudden rest."

It may not be, and still she stands  
Amidst her fallen hopes alone,  
With streaming eyes and clasp hands,  
Already stiffening into stone.  
Days pass, the dead are borne away,  
An honoured grave at last to fill:  
She followeth not the precious clay—  
The changed stands wildly weeping still.

Go to the mountain when the light  
Of the full sunshine streameth down,  
A rocky pillar meets your sight,  
A rivulet trickling from its crown;  
But in the twilight, or the beam  
Of mellowing moonlight, ye shall see,  
As through the shadowing of a dream,  
This is the stricken Niobe.

*The New Edinburgh Review.* No. IV. for January.  
Orr and Co.

WISELY have the proprietors resolved to change the name of this promising periodical to that of *Ward's London Review*. It can afford to stand upon its own merits, without borrowing a name. This number exhibits continued improvements. The second part of the essay on a "Comparative View of Religious Changes" abounds in suggestive thought. The article on Texas is apt to the time, and the subject is handled by one who has mastered it in all its bearings. "Pauperism in Scotland" is another useful essay. "The Autobiography of a Living Writer" is not likely to make the reader less curious about its authorship the further he proceeds.

*Simmonds's Colonial Magazine*, for January. Simmonds and Clowes.

*Fisher's Colonial Magazine, and Journal of Trade, Commerce, and Banking*, for January. Fisher and Co.

BOTH of these magazines are devoted to colonial affairs. *Simmonds's* being the largest and most costly, and *Fisher's* the best selected. To persons interested in the colonies both will be welcome and useful, as each contains information not to be found in the other.

*The West Country Farmer.* No. I. for January. London: Crockford; Taunton: Somerset Gazette Office.

*The West of England Miscellany* for January. London: Churchill; Bath: Collings.

Two periodicals from the provinces. The first is precisely that which, in our previous notice of the other, we observed



that a provincial magazine should be, namely, purely local, containing information relating to the district in which it circulates, which can be procured nowhere else. *The West Country Farmer* is doing this for agriculture, and very serviceable it must be to all farmers thus to communicate their mutual experiences.

The magazine has not yet become local. Until it does so it will not thrive.

### RELIGION.

*Christian Doctrine and Practice in the Second Century.* 12mo. London, 1844. Pickering.

THIS work, unassuming and almost insignificant in appearance, though enshrining rich and precious contents, forms the seventh of the "Small Books on Great Subjects," now publishing by Mr. PICKERING—a series addressed to thinking and inquiring souls by "a few Well-wishers to Knowledge," and which, so judicious has been the selection of subjects, and such the zeal, ability, and visible earnestness of purpose everywhere displayed by the writers, has secured itself in the reflective portion of the reading public a reputation as solid and brilliant now as it will be spreading and enduring hereafter.

The substance of the present volume is a selection from the writings of CLEMENT of Alexandria, some time a catechist, and finally a presbyter of the Christian Church, who flourished about the close of the second century. CLEMENT was born, it is supposed, at Athens, the son of heathen parents, who bestowed on him the privilege—comparatively rare in those days—of a liberal education. His industry improved the opportunity afforded him, and he became early in life a master of the Greek philosophy. A diligent study of the works of PLATO, HERACLITUS, and others, but above all, those of the pure-souled and prescient SOCRATES, had prepared his mind for the acceptance of a scheme of life and faith infinitely more perfect and satisfying than any which preceded it, and ultimately led him—to use the words of our author—"to the foot of the Cross, where, like the Roman Centurion, his heart confessed at once the presence of the Deity in that suffering man." He supported by his thoughtful, earnest, argumentative works, the early struggles of Christianity for extension, and, after enduring much inconvenience from the persecution of the Emperor Severus, which drove him from Alexandria, he died calmly and hopefully about A.D. 212.

The intention of our author in choosing for his subject at this present "the Christian Doctrine in the second century," is so clearly expressed in his brief introduction to the body of the work, that we prefer giving it in his own words:—

It is not with any view to controversy that this little work is published: on the contrary, it has been the object of the writer to promote concord, by shewing Christianity in the very garb she wore when conquering the world; when she was so lovely that men died for her sake, and he who came to gaze on the sufferings of the martyr, as at an idle spectacle, remained to share his fate, baptized, as it were, with his blood. To restore such feelings, to shew Christians of all denominations in how many points they agree, and how very little they differ on any of those doctrines which a Catechist of the second century thought it needful to impress on the converts committed to his teaching, is an object worth some pains: accordingly the present small tract is the product of the labour of many years, during which the compiler has carefully gone over the early Christian writers. He has found the views of Clement of Alexandria pervading the whole: but has chosen him as the representative of the early Church, because he has taken a larger survey of the practical part of Christianity than most of the writers which remain to us: and because, in these practical lessons, we see what was the mode of induction by which he arrived at the principles from which he afterwards deduced his precepts. A contrary practice has been frequently a source of error; it is therefore the more needful to draw attention to this mode of proceeding.

If, in this age of angry polemics and perverse quibblings about forms and nothings, whilst vitality and substance are disregarded, Christian men would but do what is here advised them—if they would but observe how on most essentials they agree, and how trifling is the value of their differences, a tolerant and charitable spirit would possess them, "the peace of the church" would be far seldomer disturbed, nor would the

grand interests of religion suffer such serious prejudice as now they do.

An exposition of the origin of sects, which follows, may be profitably read by all who, differing from the main body of the church in trifling matters, stand aloof from her communion:—

It is from a misunderstanding of the mode by which we are to arrive at Christian doctrine, that most of the sects in the Church have arisen; for the sectarian builds his opinions on special interpretations of special texts, and his opponent argues on the same plan: neither of them appeals to great principles, and therefore the controversy is endless: since as long as we have no better medium than words framed for the natural wants of this world, to convey our notions relating to matters so wholly different, we shall never be able to impress our own full meaning on the mind of another: but were we once to go back to principles, which being the internal persuasions of reason, will be felt in all minds alike,—at least in all that have the power of thinking and drawing a conclusion,—we should find that most of these long disputed dogmata would fade away, and men would wonder why they had been at variance.

Alluding, further on, to the Tractarian party, now distracting and dividing the Church, the writer again urges the folly of disputation over small differences, and that too in so respectful, modest, just, and impressive a manner, that we gladly give extension to such sentiments, and for that purpose transcribe them here:—

Had St. Paul lived in the nineteenth century, and visited this country, how would he have acted, and what mode of conduct would he have enjoined? he, who professed himself to be "all things to all men, if by any means he might save some." Uncompromising as he was in all that related to the weightier matters of the law, how carefully does he avoid wounding lesser prejudices! "One believeth that he may eat all things, another who is weak, eateth herbs. Let not him that eateth despise him that eateth not: and let not him that eateth not, judge him that eateth, for God hath received him. Who art thou that judgest another's servant? to his own master he standeth or falleth. Yea he shall be holden up, for God is able to make him stand. One man esteemeth one day above another, another esteemeth every day alike. Let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind; he that regardeth the day regardeth it unto the Lord; and he that regardeth not the day, to the Lord he doth not regard it."

And here one word may be permitted; it shall be a short and a kind one—to the Anglo-Catholics of Oxford and their opponents. Would St. Paul, were he now here, speak otherwise than in the passage above quoted? Why, then, should there be a dispute over such minor differences? Learned and pious as the heads of the Anglo-Catholics are, have we any right to blame them for a scrupulousness which St. Paul would have respected? Yet learned and pious as those excellent men undoubtedly are, may they not learn one farther lesson from him, and be contented to leave to their brethren that Christian liberty which he would not have abridged? It may admit a doubt, and a well-grounded one, whether that Apostle, with his eminently liberal and practical views, would ever have wished to revive in England, in the nineteenth century, the discipline of the churches of Syria or Greece in the fourth. Let us, then, rather hold out the hand of Christian affection to each other, and allow mutually, that "he that regardeth the day, regardeth it unto the Lord, and he that regardeth not the day, to the Lord he doth not regard it."

The works of CLEMENT of Alexandria, which the compiler has chiefly used, are *An Exhortation to the Greeks*; *The Pedagogue*, by which is meant the Logos, our heavenly Tutor; and, lastly, *Stromata*. These give the substance of Christian discipline, and form the strict rule of holy life, both of which, although worldly institutions change perpetually with the successive phases of society, are essentially immutable, and have been, are now, and ever will be, of the same force and application, as when Christianity, like the healing serpent of brass in the wilderness, by which it had been prefigured, first lifted up its redeeming countenance to the world.

As a writer, CLEMENT is remarkable for the terseness and vigour of his style, for the abundance, propriety, and beauty of his imagery, the visible purity and sincerity of his intentions, for his varied and extensive learning, and the admirable skill with which he applies all to the service of the Christian religion. And he has met, at a distance of almost two thousand years, a kindred spirit in his translator. All the grace and elegance, and something of the idiom—by association so natural and welcome to the scholar—which distinguish his original, have been faithfully reflected in this translation.

We have small space for extract, yet so striking is the truth and such the beauty of the following passage, that we cannot forbear transcribing it.

We should, therefore, take care to avoid all effeminate pleasures, all tickling of the eyes and ears by licentious arts;—the music that fills our thoughts should be the trump that will raise the dead, and our lyre should be a voice singing praises to God; for man himself is the truest musical instrument for those who love peace. Those, indeed, who are curious in such things will find many kinds of music suited for different occasions;—for war, and for awakening the passions, whether of love or rage. Thus the Tyrrhenes in war use the trumpet, the Arcadians the pipe of Pan, the Sicilians the pipe called *πικρία*, the Cretans the lyre, the Lacedæmonians the flute, the Thracians the horn, and the Arabs the cymbals; but we use one instrument only—the peaceful word wherewith we render homage to God. . . . Our drinking together for friendship, then, should be of a twofold nature, according to our law; for if thou lovest the Lord thy God, and thy neighbour as thyself, let thy first social feast be with God, through the Eucharist, accompanied by psalmody; the second with thy neighbour for the keeping up of friendship through an innocent and chaste familiarity.

Mimics and buffoons should find no place in our polity; for since words are the expression of the mind and manners, it is impossible that any one should speak ridiculously unless his mind and habits are ridiculous and frivolous also; for "the tree is not good which bears bad fruit, nor bad if it bear good fruit," and words are the fruit of the mind. If, therefore, we exclude those who make this their trade from our society, much more must we abstain from becoming buffoons ourselves; for it would be absurd indeed to imitate the impudence which we are forbidden to listen to or witness. . . . We should never willingly make ourselves ridiculous; for how can we without blame study thus to abuse the peculiar and most precious gift of man—even reason and speech?—for it is so that through shameless words, men arrive at shameless actions. Let our speech, then, be elegant and graced with wit, but without buffoonery; and our manners refined, not licentious; for, to speak briefly, no one can or ought to extirpate the feelings and needs which belong to our animal nature, but they should be duly regulated, and indulged in the proper time and place. It is not because man is a laughing animal, that he is to be always laughing, any more than the horse is always neighing, though to neigh be natural to him. But neither, on the other hand, should we be melancholy and unsocial, though grave. I prefer him, indeed, whose gravity is occasionally lighted by smiles, since his laugh will never degenerate into unhandsome mirth; and if any thing unseemly come before him, he will blush rather than smile, shewing thereby no sympathy in what is evil; and if he hear of misfortune, he will appear sad rather than pleased at it; for this first is the mark of a wise and humane man, while the latter is that of a cruel and ill nature.

Treating of "true beauty," in the third book of "The Pædagogus," Clement takes occasion to reprove the passion for ornament and display, which formed a censurable feature of the Greeks. How sensible, and just, and truthful are these remarks!

It is not the outward appearance of man, but the soul that should be beautified with the ornament of goodness: indeed it may be said that the flesh also should have the ornament of temperance. Women who are anxious for a fair exterior, and leave the interior uncultivated, try to conceal the ugliness of their souls after the fashion of the Egyptians; among whom you find temples with porticos, and vestibules, and sacred groves;—and their halls are surrounded with numberless columns, and the walls are resplendent with foreign stones and skilful paintings, and the temples are brilliant with gold, and silver, and amber, and many coloured gems from India and Ethiopia, and the adyta are shaded with gold-embroidered hangings; but if you go into the deep interior of the place, and eagerly seek to see what you suppose will be most worthy your attention,—the statue which occupies the temple:—a priest of grave aspect, from among those who sacrifice in the holy place, singing a psalm in the Egyptian tongue, lifts the veil a little, as if to show the God; and then there is much room for laughter at the deity honoured; for you will not find the God that you are seeking within, but a cat, or a crocodile, or a serpent of the country, or some such animal; unworthy of the temple, but fitted for a cavern, or a den, or a marsh; you see the beast rolling upon purple coverlets, and this is the god of the Egyptians. Those women, therefore, who cover themselves with gold, and exercise themselves in curling their hair, and anointing their cheeks, and pencilling their eyes, and twisting their locks, and all the other ill arts of idleness, to ornament the fleshly case, appear to me to be the true Egyptians in their proceedings; they attract superstitious lovers, but when the veil of the temple is lifted, I mean the fillets and the vest-

ments, the gold, the paint, and the ceruse;—that is, the covering which is made of these, as if there were true beauty within—all is abominable I well know. You will not there find the image of God placed in the sanctuary, as is fitting, but an adulterous soul inhabits the adytum, and shews itself the real beast: the ape daubed white,—and the old seducing serpent, corroding the mind by the love of admiration, has the soul for its cavern, and fills it with poison. . . . and as cataplasms and ointments usually announce to us that the person is ill who is thus treated; so the medicaments and coverings above mentioned indicate the sickness of the soul. . . . for them are needful the theatre, and public processions, and abundance of gazers, and they must loiter through the temples, and walk in the street, so that they may be seen by all. Such persons take a pride in an appearance that shall captivate the eyes of others, not in the right affections of the heart.

With the above we must conclude our notice of this invaluable little book. To all who desire to see the folly of the schisms and dissensions now unhappily too common in the penfold of Christ, exposed, and the ease with which, if men were dispassionate and reasonable, a reconciliation might be effected; and to those also who love thoughtful, eloquent, and coloured writing, we cordially commend *Christian Doctrine and Practice in the Second Century*.

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

*Fisher's Drawing Room Scrap Book*, for 1845. By the Author of "The Women of England." 3rd Edition. London, Fisher and Co.

*Fisher's Juvenile Scrap Book*, for 1845. By the Author of "The Women of England." Fisher and Co.

WE noticed at some length, but yet more briefly than their merits might have permitted, the 36 exquisite engravings which adorn this magnificent New Year's Gift. We have now to direct attention, in few words, to its literary contents.

It will be observed that it is edited by a lady who has established her claim to a reputation for good sense and good taste; and she has displayed both in her caterings for this volume. Very prudently she has, with one or two short exceptions, confined the contributions to poetry, and she appears to have looked more to the intrinsic worth of the composition than to the name of the writer. Indeed, the authors of the various poems are studiously concealed, and Mrs. ELLIS throws herself boldly and successfully upon the merits of the verses as judged apart from prejudice for or against the writer. A tone of piety, very pleasing because very earnest, pervades all these compositions; and the volume will be as welcome for the treasures it yields to the mind as for the charms it offers to the eye.

The *Juvenile Scrap-Book* is a contribution to the pleasures of Young England, which will be heartily welcomed at thousands of winter fire-sides, where it will make its appearance the treasured because really beautiful new-year's gift of parent or friend. Had we leisure, we could dilate with fervour upon the incalculable importance of placing in youthful hands works calculated to cultivate good taste by their excellence in art, and the wholesome tendency of their literature. There is a vulgar notion that any thing is good enough for children; hence the vile caricatures of nature with which juvenile books are usually deformed, implanting in the mind, at the very time when it receives impressions the most readily, and retains them most vividly, the most erroneous ideas of form and colour, ideas which often cling to the child through life, and contribute to the bad taste which, on that account, has become almost a feature of our national character. We begin to hope that a better era is dawning upon us. Of late there has arisen a class of books addressed to the young, in which the pictures are prepared with as much care as if they had been intended for the critical gaze of the artist, and the success of such books shews that the British public is beginning to recognize the truth, that if we would have a people possessing good taste, we must cultivate good taste in youth, and early accustom the eye of childhood to correctness of form and harmony of colour.

Among the publications best calculated to aid in effecting this most desirable revolution in the hitherto tasteless character of our country, is *Fisher's Juvenile Scrap Book*, in which no less than sixteen engravings of a very high class are presented to the youthful public, accompanied with prose and poetry

selected with a view to rational amusement and entertaining knowledge. Mrs. ELLIS is, in herself, a guarantee that nothing to which her name is attached will be worthless. We cannot particularize all the engravings that adorn this elegant volume; but we may refer to *Creswick's Old Fashioned Hall*, as a gem which would grace any portfolio, and to *Just Come from School*, as specially attractive to boys and girls who will sympathize with the merry urchins in the picture. *Cousin Mary*, too, is a charming portrait. Among the literary contributions is a narrative of an ascent of Mount Vesuvius, which will rivet the attention of children, always attracted by whatever smacks of adventure. The volume is tastefully bound, and altogether we can imagine no more pleasing or useful present at this bountiful season.

*Wiley and Putnam's Emigrants' Guide.* London. Wiley and Putnam. Post 8vo. pp. 141.

WHETHER emigration, if extensively carried on, will effect all the good which its advocates assert, is a problem not exactly within the scope of THE CRITIC to consider. Certain it is that it is one of the events which will mark the history of our times. Politicians meddle with it, parliaments have debated it, and thousands annually resort to it. It is looked to by many as a cure for all social evils, and a road through whose windings happiness and fortune's favours may certainly be gained. Often it is resorted to as the last resource of pinching poverty.

As is the case with all new schemes, the deficiency of knowledge upon this has opened loop-holes through which "sharpers" have crept in and entrapped the unwary in many instances, when about to quit their native shores, duping the ignorant and unsuspecting emigrant of nearly all he possesses. Many have thus been ruined, through ignorance of the rules which ought to be followed by them prior to embarking for, and the manner of procedure to be adopted upon arriving at the New World.

Emigration, then, being resolved on as a thing to be done, the object the present little book has in view is to give instructions as to the best manner of setting about it. And it has cleverly and plainly performed its task. Perhaps the best recommendation we can give it is to state briefly its contents.

The first two chapters contain advice as to cautions which should be exercised, and inquiries which should be made at the port before starting. The preparations necessary for rendering the voyage comfortable are next detailed, and the various apparatus required is fully described. Among the rest, clothing, bedding, cooking, &c. are treated of. We now have our emigrants shipped and out of port, and the malady common to all exercising its influence over them. To shew the author's style we make this one extract, which treats of

#### SEA SICKNESS.

The ship having sailed, sea-sickness will be pretty sure to pay the emigrant a visit; and of all maladies this is one of the most disagreeable. No one can fancy its disagreeableness but those who have experienced it. It comes at a time when one is apt to be homesick, too; and when every thing around is new to the passenger—companions, sleeping arrangements, sights, sounds, and smells. Great indeed is the suffering, both of mind and body, which is experienced in the steerage of a ship during the first week or ten days of the passage. *Seldom is it that the emigrant has duly estimated this painful portion of his journey.* No wonder, then, that so many regret having left the quiet land for the unquiet sea. Almost every emigrant wishes himself back again to his old home, no matter how homely it may have been. We have known instances in which persons would have cheerfully given their all to be placed on shore again; but who, on recovery, were glad that they had embarked. At such times as these, a few words of encouragement are of great value; and having repeatedly seen the comfort they have imparted, we will briefly notice them here. Feeble women, especially, need a cheering word.

In the first place, sea-sickness is not a dangerous malady. On the contrary, it often does the patient much good. It clears out his stomach thoroughly, and prepares it for the new diet to which he will be subjected on arrival. If he have a tendency to certain diseases of the liver and the lungs, it may thoroughly cure him. A person was scarcely ever known to die of sea-sickness. Instances have occurred, it is true, but so exceedingly seldom as to be worthy of no consideration.

Several chapters are occupied with observations on the conduct to be pursued whilst on the voyage, and in the 7th chapter we find the question asked, "What shall I do on arrival?" This is answered in a manner suitable to all classes of emigrants, who are especially cautioned against becoming the victims of "sharpers," with whom the ports of America are infested. Directions how to proceed on landing follow, with hints as to inland conveyances, the time of starting, &c. The lonely feelings common to all emigrants on first arriving in a strange country are described; the previously excited hopes being partially disappointed by the appearance of the reality, is assigned as the general cause of them. The volume concludes with a valuable circular of the Irish Emigrant Society.

Throughout will be found interspersed various anecdotes, illustrative of the facts related, and these conspire to give the composition a lively and pleasing tone. The work is what it pretends to be, the "emigrant's true guide," and contains information and advice useful in every stage of the voyage to America.

*Oliver and Boyd's New Edinburgh Almanac and National Repository for 1845.* London. Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.

A HUGE mass of information relating to Scotland, and to Edinburgh in particular, is here collected in a compendious and available form. Commerce, Agriculture, Law, Chronology, Statistics; Lists of Ecclesiastics, Crown Officers, Magistrates and Town Clerks, Members of Parliament and of the Royal Household, each occupy a considerable space. Other departments equally within the scope of the lawyer, the commercialist, the literary man, and the ecclesiastic, have due attention. For usefulness no other work of the kind can compete with this compact volume.

#### GLANCES AT FOREIGN LITERATURE.

WE have not much of importance to notice this month in our Foreign Glances; hardly any work of moment has made its appearance since our last remarks. Never was the German drama in a more critical condition than at present; never was there so little spirit, energy, and devotion to its cause manifested as now; never was the dramatic censor so strict, the public so indolent, or criticism so weak, negligent, and corrupted as at this moment.

"In such circumstances," observes a foreign paper, "how should the serious tragic muse, the historic or patriotic drama find warm encouragement or sympathetic reception? It might be possible, by the union of a few devoted spirits, to convert the depravity of public taste, but the greater mass of those who now overwhelm the stage, with their historical dramas appertain to the *coterie* which some years since openly opposed itself to all religion and morality, regarding patriotism as an animal feeling, unworthy of cultivation, and seeing no hopes for the regeneration of German poetry, but in servile imitation of modern French folly. Are these the men fit to replace Schiller and Shakspeare—are they even poets?"

We have before mentioned RUCKERS, and his last drama of Henry IV. The same subject has been selected by three other poets, but by neither perhaps has it been better executed than by him. Henry IV. a trilogy, by HANS KÖSTER, has been described in the *Literatur Blatt* as possessing great beauties, and some fine tragic effects, which would secure it a position among the acting dramas of the country, but it requires curtailment in many parts. Gregory VII. of HERGENRÖTHER, contains what the Germans call a capital patriotic error; it brings the lights to bear on Gregory and the Italians, while Henry and his Germans are thrown completely into the shade; it does not either display any great poetical merits.

The other poem, "Henry IV. and Gregory," is chiefly remarkable for imitations of SCHILLER. A small pocket edition of the poems of OEHLenschLAGER has appeared, revised and enlarged with the addition of many before unpublished. It is difficult to pronounce OEHLenschLAGER either a Danish or a German poet; he has written much in both languages, and is warmly beloved by both nations; and it is said he should be regarded as a living protestation against the hatred of Germany, so evidently gaining ground in Denmark. The present volume contains amongst its novelties a few romances and tales from the northern sagas, among which those of *Uffa* and *Canute the Great* have been much admired. A translation of "*Yonng's*



"Night Thoughts," by ELISE VON HOHENHAUSEN, is well done; but, according to the *Morgen Blatt*, rather inconsistently preceded by a preface from a certain RAVENSTEIN, a disciple of HEGEL, written in a spirit somewhat different to that of YOUNG. Madame HOHENHAUSEN was induced to undertake this labour by the melancholy consequent on the suicide of her son, a promising youth of eighteen, while a student at the university of Bonn. This occurred about eight years since. The translation is given with freedom and power. The first volume of the long-promised work on German popular poetry, from UHLAND, has at length, after the expectations of many years, made its appearance.

The publication has been so long delayed owing to the conscientious anxiety of the collector to exhaust his rare materials as much as possible; and if on this account he has given himself much labour, it is indeed fully rewarded. It completely answers all the hopes which the knowledge of Uhland so employing himself would necessarily create, as much by its treasures of research as by the clear arrangement and masterly disposition of the details. The first volume contains part of the text, a rich collection of the finest old ballads from the most ancient sources attainable, and in their antique form, an advantage which has been greatly wanted in all collections hitherto made. The next volume is to contain his commentaries on the same. On the whole, it is one of the most valuable additions to our poetical literature which have appeared for a long time.

*Tales and Legends of the Fields and Forests*, by ADELE SCHOPENHAUER is a very pleasing and amusing book, written with much spirit and liveliness. Some of the tales do not perhaps answer in their termination to the promise of their commencement; but female talent is often deficient in the execution even of the best ideas; nevertheless, compared with the many light and worthless publications of the day, this volume of Märchen bids fair to become deservedly popular. "The Celestial Empire," a work of four volumes, each containing the researches of a received authority on different branches of Chinese civilization. The first volume, *Chinese as they are*, from LAY. The second, *Confucius and Mencius; or, Moral and Political Philosophy of the Chinese*, from PANTHER. The third contains the national poetry of the Chinese, after LA CHARME, which has, again, been the authority for the present volume. They are valuable as characteristic of a people at present so little known to us. The fourth volume, which has not yet appeared, will comprise a short history of China, in which great use will be made of PLATH's admirable work. We may notice a history of the University of Königsberg, the nursery of many of Germany's brightest men: we may name VON KLEIST, JOHANN GOTTFRED HERDER, THEODOR HOFFMAN, MAX. V. SCHEUKENDORFF, and ZACHARIAS WERNER, whose father was here professor of history. A paper on *Equestrian Statues, Ancient and Modern*, by E. A. HAGEN, written on the occasion of the statue of the Prussian monarch, now preparing under the direction of Professor KISS. From his arguments, it appears that the modern world has other claims on sculpture than the ancient; that it is truth and fidelity which are required in the head, figure, clothing, &c.; not in details, but the whole, combined with strict reference to the individual characteristics and the general effect of the entire composition. The remarks, likewise, on the intentions of statues, on the costume in which they should appear, are worthy to be repeated to all interested in art, and should particularly be read and studied by all sculptors of our day. With reference to the immediate object in question, we find two models have been furnished: one represents the monarch in general's uniform, cap, and mantle, the left hand resting on the side, while the right holds the bridle; the horse is standing, with arched neck, and eagerly pawing the ground. The editor declares his opinion in favour of this, with the one exception of the hat. The other model represents the king crowned with laurel, clothed in the royal mantle, which flows down on either side. It seems that the committee have decided for the latter. The place of erection is likewise under discussion, but the spot at present pointed out is complained of by the writer as too green for a bronze statue, which in time becomes almost green itself, and scarcely distinguishable from the surrounding objects. It is an interesting and well-written pamphlet, indeed such as we expected from the

author. A *Romantic Chronicle of Zringi*, translated from the Hungarian of NICOLAS JOSIKA, by G. TRENMUND, is said to be an admirable personation of this well-known character, celebrated alike as a poet and patriot, while the interest excited by the political history of Hungary, in which he was so much involved, is by no means decreased at the recital of his own extravagant and romantic adventures.

*Festgabe zur zweihundert jährigen Stiftungsfeier des Pegnesischen Blumenopdeus* is a memorial of the celebrated poet-order of the Pegnitz Shepherds. This order was first established during the turmoils of the thirty years' war, to which its simple pastoral tendency offers a strange contrast; yet we can well understand how earnestly the minds of men must have yearned for peace, how willingly they would have exchanged their fields of blood and slaughter for the quiet joys of an Arcadia; with this feeling, the society, one of the first of many formed upon the model of the Italian, had for its object the preservation of the mother tongue, in all purity and strength, from the innovations at that time very conspicuous, occasioned by the general use of Latin and French. It has continued uninterruptedly to the present time, now and then publishing a volume of poems. The members of the Blumenorden have celebrated their two hundredth anniversary, by a collection containing some seeds of beauty among much that is but trifling, and accompanied by a very interesting treatise on the origin, character, and proceedings of the institution, from the pen of Dr. MÖNNICH.

We may notice several volumes of Alpine travels, among which those of AGASSIZ are very deserving of attention, edited by his friend Dr. E. CESOR; a most interesting account of his several journeys from 1838 to 1843, in exploring the Alps for confirmation of his glacier theory. It contains, likewise, the papers relative to the contest between HERR AGASSIZ and our countryman, FORBES, relative to priority of discovery. It seems that AGASSIZ has brought the same question into discussion with more than one individual. *The Venetian Alps*, by Dr. WILHELM FUCHS, a scientific work on their geological formation, to which we need only refer, accompanied with geognostic maps, scales, and other illustrative diagrams. We may name likewise those of GOTTLIEB STÜDER, and *The Mountains of Bern*, and *Mountains and Glaciers*, of C. VOÛR. In the former is an account of the fifth ascent of the Zungfrau, undertaken in 1842. After many unsuccessful attempts this was the fifth positive ascent to the highest point of the mountain.

## MUSIC.

### MR. BRAHAM'S CONCERTS.

THIS veteran has commenced a series of Concerts at the Hanover Square Rooms, the entire burden of which is wonderfully sustained by himself and his sons. On Wednesday he was greeted by a very numerous and fashionable audience, whom he delighted with his yet scarcely diminished powers, displayed in many of the fine compositions which were made immortal by his performance of them. His vigour has not declined; his taste is, if possible, improved with age, and it was felt by his audience, that, in spite of years, he stands without a rival at the head of English vocalists. His delivery of the famous *Total Eclipse* was grand and touching as ever. His minor songs were all effective, and many were encored. He was assisted by his sons, who, though they have not the great genius of their father, are very creditable artists, and when united in the glees that have been judiciously introduced into these Concerts, their harmony was beautiful. To all who remember BRAHAM in days long past we proffer an earnest recommendation to hear him now, if only to revive a pleasure which must live in their memories, and to wonder at the old man's spirit and power. To those who have never enjoyed that treat, we would say, hasten to do so; when he is gone you will not look upon his like again.

### New Publications.

*Sweet Maiden*: Canzonet. Composed by GEORGE J. O. ALLMAN. Treagar and Co.  
*I saw thee weep*: Canzonet. Poetry by Lord BYRON. Composed by GEORGE J. O. ALLMAN. Treagar and Co.  
 We can commend the second of these canzonets to the regard of our fair readers. It is a composition full of feeling,

and when sung with taste and expression, it tells upon a company, as is proved by the silence of the will, not of politeness, with which it is heard. The other has not so much merit; it wants *air*; it was not produced in one of Mr. ALLMAN's happiest moods. This is our candid opinion, and we give it, for we know that not a few of the families of our subscribers are guided in their purchase of music by the advice of *THE CRITIC*, and they may do so in full reliance upon its honesty, however they may question its taste. And in nothing has a faithful guide been so long needed as in the choice of new music, of the merits and demerits of which private persons, and especially residents in the country, can know nothing, and they must either order upon hazard, and in this lottery obtain fifty blanks to one prize, or limit their purchases to the popular songs, and echo only the airs heard in every drawing-room, and ground in every street. Such a trustworthy guide it will be the endeavour of *THE CRITIC* to prove itself, and as such we say, you may order the second, but not the first, of the songs named above.

#### MUSICAL CHIT-CHAT.

**PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.**—The concerts of this society are announced to take place on the following Monday evenings—March 31st, April 14th, 28th, May 11th, 26th, June 9th, 23rd, July 7th. It is reported that Signor Costa, the musical director of her Majesty's Theatre, will be engaged to conduct these concerts.

**M. MOLIQUE.**—This eminent violinist purposes re-visiting London during the approaching season. He will be accompanied by his eldest daughter, who is reported to be a distinguished pianiste. M. Molique has just returned to Struttgard from Russia, where he has had every possible success.

#### ART.

THERE is nothing of importance to record in this department of our Journal. Artists are, for the most part, silent just now, being occupied on their works for the approaching exhibition; that of the British Institution opens with the commencement of next month. A print by SAMUEL COUSINS, from a picture by EDWIN LANDSEER, of her Majesty and the Royal Children, has been just brought out. We have heard it greatly praised, but as a copy has not been submitted for our judgment, we forbear committing ourselves by an opinion upon it.

#### *Haydon's Lectures on Painting and Design.*

[CONCLUDING NOTICE.]

MR. HAYDON considers it a fault of the present time that composition is underrated. Yet is it second in importance only to expression and character. He then at some length refutes the strictures of Sir JOSHUA REYNOLDS upon Greek painting, quoting largely from contemporary authors to shew that in execution, colour, expression, light and shadow, composition and form, the Greek artists certainly equalled, if they did not surpass, their successors.

Colour is the theme of the sixth Lecture. The first principles of colour are thus stated:—

There are three primitive colours, viz. red, yellow, and blue; red and yellow are felt by artists as warm colours, and blue is considered a cold colour.

The proportion of warm colours to cold ones, as you perceive in the primitive arrangement, is as two to one; warmth is therefore the principle, coldness the exception.

The code thus laid down by our great master of colour in modern times, Reynolds, has a much deeper foundation than the mere habitual practice of the eye, or of this school or that school; it is, in fact, the arrangement of God himself.

The colours which are produced by the mixture of red, yellow, and blue, viz. orange, purple, and green, have the same relative proportion of warm and cold; orange and purple being the warm, and green the cold colour; in short, in every part of the imitation of Nature, the darkest as well as the lightest parts, the perpetual combination of warm as the rule, and cold as the exception, must never be lost sight of; for no

tint can be borne, dark or light, cool or brilliant, when this beautiful combination is not to be traced; even in Rembrandt's darkest tints, it can be discovered on searching.

Mr. HAYDON is a zealous advocate for the employment of colour, which he asserts to be "never inconsistent with the highest style of thought, expression, or conception." Ample instructions for its use are given; thence he passes to vehicle, and he presents in detail the most authentic particulars he was enabled to gather of the various methods adopted by the greatest painters in the practice of their art. This is extremely interesting, but we must unwillingly pass it by. One quality, however, we may name as pre-eminent in all great artists—inconstant industry, unwearied application. "Though gifted by God in the highest degree, they knew their hands could only develop the power of their minds by incessant practice." RUBENS rose at four, and worked till five in the evening. REYNOLDS said, "the painter who looked forward to Sunday as a relief would never be a great painter;" a sentiment which we cannot pass without reproof.

The last of these interesting and instructive Lectures is devoted to the subject of invention, which, in painting as in poetry, is divided into epic, dramatic, and historic.

The Epic relates to any high and abstract principle, which elevates our nature in thought or action morally; or to any power, natural or supernatural, of element, flood, pestilence, or earthquake, to resist which is impossible, physically; and the highest species of Epic, the sublime, is when the mind, soaring above the miserable inefficiencies of the body, defies the destruction of both for any impassioned affection, noble sentiment, grand object, or great patriotic principle. The Dramatic, illustrates some deep human emotion, by feature, form, and action; and the Historic identifies some illustrious fact; though a dramatic passion may be sublime and dramatic, yet I question if the purely sublime in poetry, and painting too, be not where the scenery predominates over the man, or at least divides empire.

In a singularly impartial comparison of the capacities of poetry and painting, Mr. HAYDON relates the following anecdote.

Many years ago, Wilkie, a musician, and myself, passed the evening together in my studio, and we got upon the respective powers of the three arts: of course the musician insisted upon it that there was nothing painting or poetry could do, music could not do as well. Wilkie said, once upon a time, a poet, musician, and a painter, had the same dispute, when it was agreed they should all three retire to a tavern, and ask for their supper by their respective arts, and whoever made himself the quickest understood should be crowned victor. The musician played most exquisitely for three-quarters of an hour, but the waiter shook his head; the painter dashed out the resemblance of a roast fowl, and the poet at once said he would have a boiled one. It was agreed the poet won, and when Wilkie came to this part, our friend the fiddler rushed out of my room in a fury, saying we had no feeling, and never forgave us to the day of his death.

One of the most important parts of invention is the choice of subject, and the selection of the most interesting moment in that subject. It requires the knowledge of the painter's art to determine this; for many fine themes are impracticable, from difficulties which only an artist can appreciate. Mr. HAYDON informs us that COLERIDGE was always selecting subjects for the artist, but that he never remembered one of them being practicable. And whence this difficulty?

As a painter has but one moment—first, it must be a subject of palpable and gross interest, big with the past and pregnant with the future; next, your actions must be doing, your passions expressing, your lights and shadows fleeting, something must have passed, and something must be coming, and you choose the point of interest—the point between.

The lecturer, in passing, pays a deserved tribute to the original genius of MARTIN, whom he terms "a great

epic scenist," who "has honoured English art, and cut out a new recess in the Temple of Fame for himself, where there was none before."

On a question which has recently excited some interest, viz. whether great characters should be painted as they were, with all their peculiarities of dress and figure, Mr. HAYDON sensibly observes, that it should depend upon the periods at which they lived; if recently, as NAPOLEON, NELSON, &c. the peculiarities are historic facts, and should be observed; "if beyond reach of history, the period partakes of the epic as well as the man," and in such case the painter may make a hero in form and feature.

We have not space even to touch upon the many incidental questions of interest in art treated of by Mr. HAYDON in these discourses. We have endeavoured to convey to the reader a general idea of their contents, and to shew by extract the value of the mine from which those specimens have been taken; they will, we are sure, have yielded both pleasure and information.

We shall look with interest for the promised continuation of the series of which these are the opening Lectures.

#### CHIT-CHAT ON ART.

The Queen has been graciously pleased to appoint Thomas Uwins, Esq., R.A., to be librarian to the Royal Academy, in the place of C. L. Eastlake, Esq., who has resigned.

Mr. Lough has been appointed to execute the statue of Prince Albert, to be erected by subscription of the leading merchants of the city, in the Royal Exchange, in commemoration of the laying of the first stone of that building by his Royal Highness.

PROJECTED ACADEMY OF PAINTING AT BRISTOL.—The lovers of the fine arts will hear, with no small pleasure, that an academy of painting is about to be established in Bristol, under the most favourable auspices. Its object will be to foster and call forth native talent and genius in the various branches of art, and to gratify the public by periodical exhibitions of paintings. A school of design, and prizes to reward superior merit, form also parts of the plan. The want of such an institution has long been felt in Bristol, particularly by the artists, but the sum of money required to give efficiency to the plan is so considerable, that no hopes were entertained of raising it. In fact, a spacious picture-gallery, and apartments for artists to study and copy casts, designs, and pictures, form essential parts of the projected scheme. The pecuniary difficulty, the most formidable of all, is, however, removed in a considerable degree by the munificence of a lady, whose name we shall ere long have the pleasure to announce as a contributor of no less a sum than 2,000*l.* (under certain conditions) to the academy. This splendid example will, we feel no doubt, attract numerous contributions from the public of Bristol and its neighbourhood, in furtherance of the design. When we mention that P. W. S. Miles, Esq., M.P., John S. Harford, Esq., and Robert Bright, Esq., are actively promoting this truly interesting object, in conjunction with the artists of this city and neighbourhood, we are persuaded that these names will be deemed a sure guarantee of success.—*Bristol Journal*.

#### THE DRAMA AND PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

##### THE ROYAL POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION.

At this festive season of the year, when so many persons change their places of abode, for the purpose of temporary enjoyment—the town-folk seeking the hospitality of the country, and the country-folk the Christmas pleasures of the town—it becomes the duty of every journalist to point out those aids to either which combine rational amusement with pleasing novelty. Among the many attractions in the Metropolis, no exhibition can confer greater gratification than the Polytechnic Institution, and the directors deserve the patronage of the public for the spirited way in which they conduct it. Among the novelties, we have already named Mr. C. HORN, who has been drawing crowded audiences to hear his lectures on English and American music. Another new feature is the cromatrope, which may be mentioned with the dissolving views, as it was exhibited with the same instrument, and represents on a disc numerous colours not unlike the Chinese fireworks. Some of the new dissolving views are of scenery in France and other parts of the Continent, and reflect great credit upon the taste of Professor Bachhoffner, who has the management of this instrument. We must not omit Dr. Ryan's admi-

nable lectures on chemistry and other scientific subjects, the proteoscope, the physioscope, the diving-bell, and a variety of matters that make up the entertainment of the public, by day and by night, at this most interesting establishment.

The ADELAIDE GALLERY continues to draw a crowded room by a variety of attractive amusements; the Concerts à la Julien are very good, and some of the best music is performed with great skill. In addition to this are Mr. Simmonds's clever imitations of living actors, the laughing gas, the great microscope, and the dissolving views; altogether forming one of the most varied and pleasant evenings to be enjoyed in the metropolis.

#### DRAMATIC CHIT-CHAT.

Mrs. Rainsforth, the mother of the popular singer, has contradicted the report of her daughter's marriage.

Sheridan Knowles has not been idle; he has written an opera for Messrs. Cramer and Co. They are to find a composer for the music. The idea was an excellent one of first securing a good libretto before venturing on the music. A good story will make very indifferent music pass. Knowles has also written a five-act comedy for the Haymarket, in blank verse, of course. Douglas Jerrold has a prose five-act comedy also at that theatre, to be produced when *Old Heads and Young Hearts* ceases to be attractive.

FRENCH PLAYS IN LONDON.—We learn with pleasure that while the Parisians have been applauding Mr. Macready, Miss Faucit, and their assistants, and testifying their admiration for Shakspeare, Byron, and Knowles, Mr. Mitchell has been labouring to have an opportunity presented to the British public of returning compliment for compliment. Several engagements have been made for the St. James's Theatre, of artists eminent in the different walks of the drama, while Alexandre Dumas intends, it is said, to appeal to the judgment of a British audience upon a piece to be written expressly for the St. James's Theatre. The theatre will be opened on the 24th or 27th of January, with the engagement of M. Lafont, of the Variétés, and Mlle. Nathalie, of the Gymnase; after whom M. Frederic Lemaître and Mlle. Clarisse, of Le Porte St. Martin, will perform till Easter. During their engagements the popular plays of *Don César de Bazan* and *Ruy Blas*, by Victor Hugo, will be produced; and also the new play of *Les Dames de Tropic*, in which Frederic Lemaître is now performing in Paris with such remarkable success. At Easter, Madame Albert will appear for a few nights only, and perform in the two last comedies of the Théâtre Français, *Une Femme à quarante Ans*, and *Le Mari à la Campagne*. The popular comic actor, Monsieur Ravel, of the Palais Royal, will afterwards make his first appearance in London, and present his amusing repertoire, including the vaudeville of *L'Etourneau*, which Ravel has recently played for nine weeks uninterruptedly. Madlle. Plessy and Mons. Regnier, of the Théâtre Français, will succeed Ravel, and in conjunction with Monsieur Cartigny and Monsieur Oudinot, as *premier rôle*, Mr. Mitchell will be able to produce some of the finest comedies of the French stage. At that period a new play will be produced, written expressly for the company by the eminent French dramatist, Alexandre Dumas, who will be present in London to superintend the *mise en scène* of his new production.

#### CORRESPONDENCE.

##### SMALL BOOKS ON GREAT SUBJECTS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CRITIC.

SIR,—When you review the next "*Small Book on Great Subjects, edited by a few Well-wishers to Knowledge*," six of which have already been published by Pickering, as advertised in THE CRITIC, will you kindly suggest to the *Few Well-wishers* that if their object be the diffusion of useful knowledge amongst the many, their little essays, which are admirable in their way, should be published at a reasonable price. The same quantity of paper and letter-press as is comprised in one of their *little books* ought not to cost more than sixpence, or a shilling at most, done up in a neat paper cover, instead of the cloth boards and style of a *Tom Thumb duodecimo, per se*. A dozen of these nice little brochures, throwing away the boards and binding the whole as one volume of Philosophical Essays, would make as respectable appearance in the library as a half-guinea book; whereas the first six numbers have cost a guinea, and my purse cannot afford to purchase any more. If the *maître* determined the value of the publication, one of the *Small Books* is doubtless worth the price of many a large octavo; but this is not the practice of the trade, nor would the buying public always be disposed to take a book at the author's valuation of its worth. If the



patriotic Few, therefore, cannot afford to edit their small books but at an extravagant price, they cannot expect to do so much good amongst the multitude they wish to enlighten as if they were to reduce the cost, and render their productions more accessible to the mass of the ignorant, who will naturally be averse to paying three shillings and sixpence for a sixpence worth of letter-press.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

YOUNG ENGLAND.

## NECROLOGY.

### PROFESSOR WEBSTER.

Thomas Webster, professor of geology in the London University, died in London-street, Tottenham-court-road, on Thursday, December 26th, in his 72nd year. Professor Webster was a native of the Orkneys; he was educated as an architect, and in the theatre and laboratory of the Royal Institution has left enduring monuments of his ability in that profession. That he subsequently deserted it for philosophical pursuits was owing, perhaps, to the accident of his acquaintance with Count Rumford, whom he assisted in his researches into the principles of domestic economy, and it was through the count's influence that Thomas Webster was, to use his own words, "the first officer, in point of time, that was appointed in the 'Royal Institution of Great Britain, for the application of science to the common purposes of life,' to the founding of which Count Rumford had so materially contributed." But it was not in this branch of science alone that he became distinguished. His celebrated article on the "Fresh-water Beds," discovered by him in the Isle of Wight, shortly after the publication of Cuvier and Brogniart's work on the "Mineralogy of the Environs of Paris," was the foundation of his reputation as a geologist. This paper appeared in the "Transactions of the Geological Society," 2nd vol., 1814. In the same year he was appointed keeper of the society's museum and draftsman, and in the year 1826 became house-secretary and curator. In the year 1816 he assisted the late Sir Harry Englefield, Bart., in his splendid work on the Isle of Wight, contributing all the geological part, and the greater proportion of the drawings. His appointment as professor of geology to the London University took place about four years since. But the knowledge Mr. Webster had acquired under Count Rumford was, perhaps, of more benefit, in a mere pecuniary sense, than any one of the many various subjects to which his versatile mind applied itself. It was for this he was selected by the late Mr. Longman to carry out his scheme of a complete "Encyclopedia of Domestic Economy," a work which, after having been commenced by the late Mr. London, and passed through the hands of many scientific gentlemen, he finally completed and published shortly before his death. The difficulties he encountered in making drawings of furniture for that most useful publication were in the highest degree amusing. Cabinet-makers regarded him with suspicion; auctioneers had him ejected from their rooms; and it was only in shops of brokers that Professor Webster could labour without interruption. Mr. Webster also edited the best edition of "Imison's Elements of Science and Art," adding a copious elementary treatise on perspective. From his literary labours and other sources Professor Webster had accumulated some hundred pounds, which were found in his house after his decease. He had also enjoyed a pension of 50l. per annum, granted to him by government, at the representation of his geological friends, in 1840 or 1841. His relatives, if any, are unknown. He was buried on Thursday, January 2nd, at the Highgate Cemetery.—*Historical Register.*

## GLEANINGS, ORIGINAL AND SELECT.

**AN AMERICAN COLONEL AND HIS SWORD.**—A colonel of the United States army having refused to obey the commands of his superior officer, was sentenced by the court-martial by which he was tried to "be deprived of his sword for one month." On his weapon being demanded of him, the colonel arose, and, in the most grave and solemn manner, declared that "he didn't own one; that the sword he had been accustomed to wear didn't belong to him; but he had no doubt Mr. Baker, the jeweller, of whom he hired it on training days, would let it to the Court for the required month on the most reasonable terms."

**STRASBURGH CATHEDRAL.**—The steeple of Strasburgh Cathedral is stated to have swerved more than six feet from its perpendicular within a short period, and threatens (irremediably) to fall on the heads of the people.

Mr. Macvey Napier, the editor of the *Edinburgh Review*, contradicts the report that Mr. Stephen, the under-secretary for the colonies, had written an article on New Zealand for the *Review*.

## CRITIC OF INVENTIONS, ETC.

[Ingenious inventors of articles of use or ornament are as deserving of critical notice as is an ingenious author, and a knowledge of the true merits of inventions is equally interesting to the public. We purpose to supply an existing defect in critical journalism by devoting a division of THE CRITIC to a fair description of, and honest judgment upon, any article seeking public patronage that may be submitted for notice.]

**PRINCE ALBERT'S SAUCE.**—The inventor of this new candidate for the patronage of the lover of good living has asked our opinion of a bottle of it. It has been submitted to some friends accounted good judges in matters of *taste*, and their report of it is, that it is a very desirable addition to a gravy or a chop.

**MR. GRIMSTONE'S EYE SNUFF.**—We are not of the fraternity of snuff-takers, so we presented the box to a gentleman who indulges in a pinch occasionally, as he protests, to relieve a headache, with which, poor man, he is specially afflicted whenever a snuff-box makes its appearance, and his good lady expresses her abhorrence of snuff-takers. He protests that it has relieved his pains, and he adds, *sotto voce*, that it has contributed to his pleasures, for a better pinch he would not wish to take.

## JOURNAL OF MESMERISM.

[We shall be obliged by contributions of interesting cases and novel phenomena observed by our readers throughout the country; each case must be verified by the name and address of the correspondent for our private assurance of its authenticity; but the name will be withheld from the public if desired by the writer. The object of this division of THE CRITIC is to preserve a record of the progress of Mesmerism, and to form a body of facts from which at a future time some general principles and rational theory may be deduced. But, nevertheless, we shall occasionally give place to any brief comments or conjectures of philosophical Mesmerists which may appear to deserve consideration or help to throw light upon the subject. We entreat the cordial assistance of the friends of Mesmerism throughout the world to make this a complete record of the progress of science.]

**BATH.**—The following remarkable case occurred at Bath. The narrators are gentlemen, one of whom is personally well known to us, a barrister on the Western Circuit. It is extracted from a letter published in the *Bath Journal*, signed S. D. and T. W. SAUNDERS, and dated 25th Dec. 1844. The patient was a lad, aged 14, named John Brookes, in the employ of one of the writers. We omit the details of the more usual phenomena of catalepsy, &c.

When in this condition he is perfectly insensible to pain and will bear pins or other instruments puncture his flesh without evincing the slightest symptoms of uneasiness, and indeed without feeling at all what has been done, as he always declares on being woken up; if, however, his hand is held by another who is himself pricked, he feels the pain acutely, and the same result arises if an unlimited number of persons take hold of the hands of each other, and even the furthestmost one is pricked. In this state he is partially lucid, and will answer any questions which are asked of him with the most wonderful accuracy, if the facts involved in the question are within the knowledge of the person who puts it, and this though it be physically impossible that the lad could have had any previous information upon the subject; he goes even beyond this, but we are really afraid of being laughed out of court if we attempt to detail any of the other wonders of clairvoyance.

He exhibits all the phrenological phenomena. We omit the details of these, save one or two.

On time being touched he sings; and it is remarkable that this lad was never known to sing until he was mesmerized. When number is excited he has a great ability for calculating, and can cast up numbers in a way which is wholly beyond his capacity in a waking state. Most of the other organs can be brought into activity in a similar way, and particularly *self-esteem*, which causes him to strut about the room with the dignity of an emperor. He has no knowledge of phrenology, and is entirely ignorant of the localities of the organs, which we generally excite whilst standing behind him, and often without touching, but merely by pointing close to them. On being wakened he is perfectly unconscious of every thing which has taken place except the pain he felt when a third person was hurt. We have before mentioned that he answers accurately any questions the facts involved in which are in the knowledge of the person who asks. We could fill your paper with accurate answers thus given, descriptive of places to which he had never been, and of which he had never heard; and on this subject, as indeed, in confirmation of the other facts detailed in this communication, we beg to hand you, for your private satisfaction and inquiry, a list of Bath and other residents in whose presence these extraordinary phenomena have been exhibited.

## BOOKSELLERS' CIRCULAR.

THE season is very barren of publications of worth, although, as will be seen by our list of books received for review, a larger number than usual of small works have come to hand. We have now upon our table a heavy arrear for review, and even from the present CRITIC we have been compelled to exclude at least a dozen notices that were in type. We are loath to do it, but we shall be obliged to reduce our comments upon many books we would fain review at length to a mere notice, even our ample space being insufficient to enable us to treat as we could desire the many volumes that are crowding upon us. The publishers have just discovered that THE CRITIC has really a great circulation and no trifling influence with its readers; hence the influx of books. After all the prophetic assertions with which our enterprise was met, that a really independent review could never exist in England, THE CRITIC will prove that not only can it exist, but that it can flourish. Great was the opposition we encountered at first, but authors and booksellers are beginning to discern that in the long run an honest critic will be their best friend. He will save them many bad speculations.

## LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

Mr. Monckton Milnes, M.P., is preparing a life of Keats; for this purpose, all the necessary papers have been placed in his hands by the family. He is also going to bring out, at his own expense, a sumptuous edition of Keats's works. This is a rare, but proper tribute from one poet to another; rare, perhaps, because poets are seldom able to afford such tributes.

It has been stated that a pension on the civil list has been granted to Mr. Thomas Hood, the distinguished comic writer. We understand, however, the fact to be, that a pension of 100*l.* a year has been conferred on Mrs. Hood, the wife of that gentleman, in consideration of his great literary merits, and the infirm state of his health.—*Observer.*

PENSION TO MISS BROWN.—Our readers are our friends—many of them, indeed, may now take rank among old friends—and we are sure they will pardon us if, for the occasion, we throw aside the dignity of office, and open the new year with a hearty cheer for Lady Peel! Our apology is soon made, and may be read in the following letter, addressed to Miss Frances Brown, with whose personal history [see No. 887] and beautiful lyrics they are already familiar:—

"Whitehall, Dec. 24.  
"Madam,—There is a fund applicable, as vacancies may occur, to the grant of annual pensions of very limited amount; which usage has placed at the disposal of the lady of the First Minister. On this fund there is a surplus of 20*l.* per annum.

"Lady Peel has heard of your honourable and successful exertions to mitigate, by literary acquisitions, the effect of the misfortune by which you have been visited; and should the grant of this pension for your life be acceptable to you, Lady Peel will have great satisfaction in such an appropriation of it.

"I am, &c.,  
(Signed) "ROBERT PEEL."

Now, we are not falling into the servile humour of complimenting Lady Peel because she happens to be the lady of the first minister, and has at her disposal a small fund which somebody must benefit by; what we respect and hold up as an example, is the considerate thoughtfulness with which these small funds are distributed. Here we have a hand of womanly sympathy and encouragement reaching from Whitehall to the wilds of Donegal—as we had lately a gracious recognition of moral worth, when Lady Peel made a like judicial disposal of a similar pension to Mrs. Peach, the wife of Mr. Peach, one of the coast guard employed on the coast of Cornwall; who, as the members of the British Association will remember, has more than once attended their meetings, and contributed some valuable papers to the "Section of Natural History."—*Athenæum.*

THE VALUE OF CELEBRATED NAMES.—An opportunity was afforded by the last day's sale of the manuscripts of the late M. Soleine for statisticians and casuists to speculate on the relative market value of great names. In this instance the question lay in the comparative autographical merits of celebrated women, which rise and fall as unexpectedly as the stocks:—Madame de la Villière fetched 400*l.*; Madame Elisabeth, sister to Louis XVI., 101*l.*; Madame Dacier, 81*l.*; Madame de Lambelle, 45*l.*; Sophia Arnould, 40*l.*; Christina of Sweden, 35*l.*; Mademoiselle Clairon, 18*l.*; Madame de Genlis, 18*l.*; Madame Molière (Mademoiselle Béjart), 18*l.*; Madame de Staël (Corinne), 14*l.* 50*c.*; Mademoiselle Duchesnois, 14*l.*; Madame Teresa Guic\*\*\* (still living), 13*l.*; Anne of Austria, 11*l.*; the pretty Déviénne, 10*l.*;

George Sands (still living), 7*l.*; Madame de Maintenon, 6*l.*; Madame Dugazon, 5*l.* 25*c.*; Mademoiselle Contat, 5*l.*—From *La Pandore de Paris.*

## BOOKS RECEIVED,

From Dec. 28 to Jan. 11.

## NEW BOOKS.

- Rodenhurst; or, The Church and the Manor.* By E. M. S. In 2 vols.  
*Sketches of Nature.* By J. L. GUINNESS.  
*The Betrothed Lovers and the Column of Infamy.* By MANZONI. A new Translation. In 3 vols.  
*Nothing.* In Rhyme and Prose. By GEORGE BOLTON.  
*Practical Sermons.* By Dignitaries of the Church of England. Part I.  
*Lay Baptisms.* By the Rev. A. T. G. MANOR, B.C.L.  
*Letters on Mesmerism.* By HARRIET MARTINEAU.  
*Napoleon; an Epic Poem in 12 Cantos.* By WILLIAM RUTLAND HARRIS.  
*Gurwood's Despatches of the Duke of Wellington.* Vol. V.  
*The Night Watch; an Argument.* By RICHARD TROTT FISHER.  
*The Amidei; a Tragedy.*  
*Outlines of Chemistry, for the Use of Students.* By WM. GREGORY, M.D.  
*The Jurymen's Guide.* By Sir GEORGE STEPHEN.  
*Wiley and Putnam's Emigrant's Guide.*  
*Esther; a Sacred Drama.* By the Rev. JOHN SANSOM, B.A.  
*Can Woman Regenerate Society?*  
*Oracles from the Poets; a fanciful Diversion for the Drawing-Room.* By CAROLINE GILMAN.  
*Angel Visits: Poems.* By Miss ANNE SAVAGE.  
*Notes on Northern Africa, the Sahara, and Soudan.* By WM. B. HODGSON.  
*Sketches of the Reformation.* By the Rev. J. HAWEIS.  
*College Lectures on Ecclesiastical History.* By the Rev. WM. BATES, M.A.  
*Christianity in the Second Century.* (No. VIII. of "Small Books on Great Subjects.")

## NEW EDITIONS.

*C. Lamb's Specimens of English Dramatic Poets.* Vol. II.

## PAMPHLETS.

- Further Considerations of the University System of Education.* By the Rev. J. HILDYARD, M.A.  
*A Lecture on Steam Navigation.* By JOHN O. SARGENT.

## PERIODICALS.

- The Classical Museum.* No. VI.  
*West of England Miscellany.* No. III.  
*Simmonds's Colonial Magazine for January.*  
*The New Edinburgh Review for January.*  
*Parker's London Magazine for January.*  
*The New Quarterly Review.* No. IX.  
*The Novel Times.* Part I.  
*George Cruikshank's Table Book for January.*  
*Douglas Jerrold's Shilling Magazine for January.*  
*Fisher's Colonial Magazine for January.*  
*The American Review for January.*  
*The Dublin University Magazine for January.*

## SERIALS.

- The Modern Orator.* Part I.  
*Fanny, the little Milliner.* By CHARLES ROWCROFT. No. I.

## NEW MUSIC.

- Sweet Maiden.* A Canzonet, by G. J. O. ALLMAN.  
*I saw thee Weep.* Canzonet, by G. J. O. ALLMAN.

## BOOKS WANTED TO PURCHASE.

No charge is made for insertion in this list. Apply to the Publisher of THE CRITIC, stating prices.

- Ramilies.* A Tale. 8vo.  
*Chitty's General Practice of the Law.* Last edition.  
*Moore's Irish Melodies—Music.*  
*Sacred Minstrelsy.* Published by Parker.  
*Chambers's Information for the People.*  
*German Tales.* Illustrated by Cruikshank.  
*Cruikshank's Sketches.*  
*Penny Cyclopædia.* Vol. XVII. to the end.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We must request our correspondents to take notice that no manuscripts are preserved or will be returned. They should, therefore, keep copies.

## TO READERS.

A Portfolio on a novel and convenient plan for preserving the numbers of the current volume of THE CRITIC may be had at the office or through any bookseller in the country, price 5*s.*